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1873



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T.S. ARTHUR & SON
PHILADELPHIA.

Vol. XLI.

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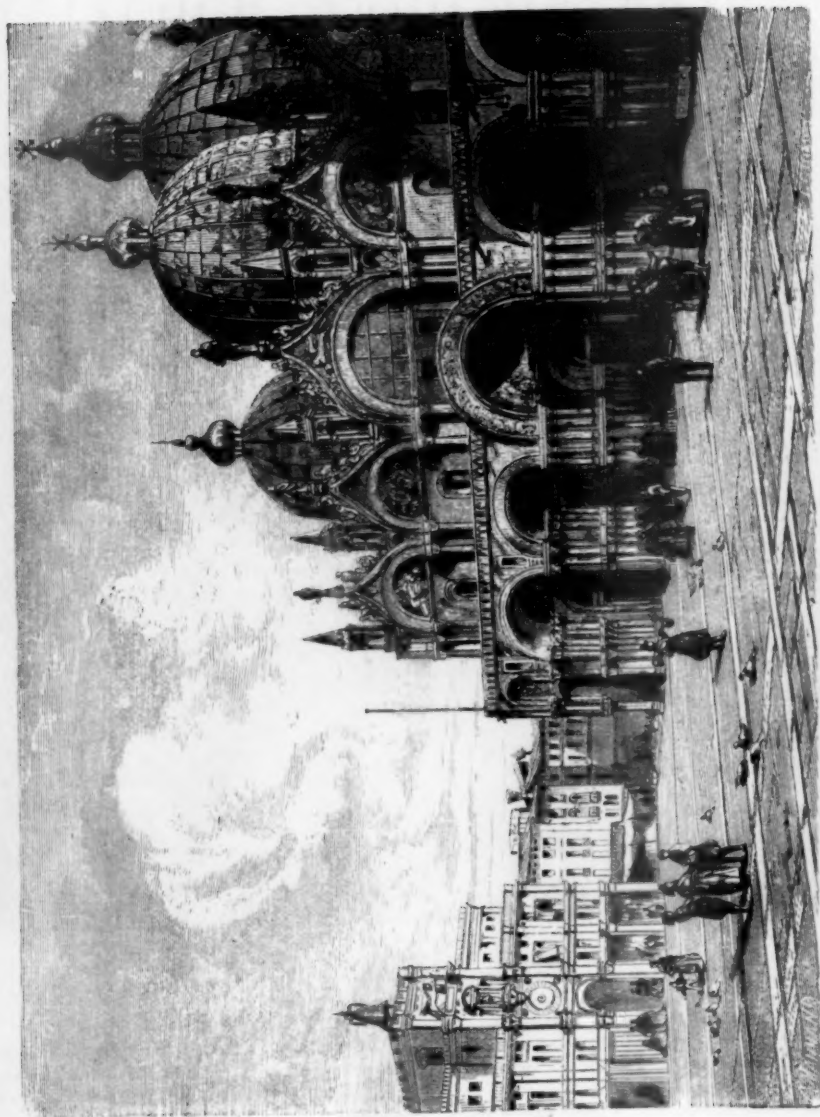
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CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK'S, VENICE.—Page 433.

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ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLI.

AUGUST, 1873.

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LOOKING BEYOND.

BY RICHMOND.

"YES," answered the invalid, speaking in a quiet voice, "I know that my earthly house will soon crumble and fall; but then, you see," and a smile rested on her lips, "I shall have a house not made with hands, eternal, in the Heavens."

Her friend had come to comfort her, and was trying to lead her thoughts onward to the better country whither her feet were hastening. Intimate as they were, it was the first time they had talked together of death. The invalid had listened to her friend, as

she referred, in a voice that was husky and almost broken, to the coming change that every outward sign too surely indicated, and then answered, as we have seen.

"A body," she continued, looking at her thin white hands, "that will never fail me as this has done."

"You have been pondering these solemn things," said the friend.

"I think of them a great deal. I am looking beyond."

"Into that unknown country, whither we are all going." There was a tone of sorrow and regret in the friend's voice, as if the approaching change were a calamity to be feared.

"The land of peace," said the invalid, in the quiet voice with which she had just spoken, and with the tender smile again on her lips.

The shadow which had been deepening on the friend's face lifted itself. She had come with oppressed feelings, drawn by a sense of religious duty, to talk of death and the grave. She was not sure of her friend; was in fear lest her mind lay in darkness and doubt; and, lo! she found her peaceful and waiting. It was a sweet surprise.

"And you do not shrink from death?" she asked.

"Why should I? What is death?"

A sober look came back into the friend's face.

"Ah! the mystery of death!" she answered.

"Not a mystery, but a simple change. Only the laying off of an outer garment that has become useless. A tranquil sleep, and then a peaceful waking."

The friend was silent with wonder. A simple change! The laying off of an outer garment that had become useless! Death only this! She had expected to find doubts, and shrinkings, and mortal fears; but instead eyes full of serene trust and hopeful anticipations looked into hers.

"It is not for us, as Christians," said the invalid, "to magnify death as an evil; to surround an event that comes in natural order with vague terrors and awful experiences. Death is but a loving angel, sent to take us by the hand, when we are done with earth, and lead us to the land immortal. At his touch, this body of clay will fall in ruins, and then I shall find myself living in a more perfect body, wrought of spiritual substance, and in all things meet for that purer world in which spirits and angels dwell. I do not call this change death; it is really a resurrection. A rising out of a lower into a higher sphere of life. A beautiful transition."

"Thank you, my dear friend! I came to lead your thoughts onward to this great transition, but you do not need my office of Christian love."

"Dear friend and sister!" was answered. "It was no good in you to come; and I need you more than I can tell. I want to talk with you about heavenly things; about the new country to which I am going; its inhabitants and employments. For you know, dear, that Heaven is only another country, or world, into which God takes us when we are done with this. What shall we do there? And how shall we live?"

"God will take care of all that," said the friend. "Of one thing you may be sure, your life will be peaceful and happy."

"I know that; but the idea of mere peace and happiness does not fill my anticipations. They are only states of the soul."

"What more can you ask? If you are peaceful and happy, what is left to desire?"

The invalid did not answer immediately. It was plain from the expression of her face that something perplexed her thoughts.

"This looking forward to peace and happiness as the great good in store for us if we keep the divine law, has in it, to my perception, an element of selfishness. Must not a true Heavenly state be one of self-forgetfulness in a divine love for others?"

"Oh! I see where your thought is turning," said the friend, her countenance lifting. New intuitions began coming to her mind. "Peace and happiness are only consequent states."

"That is it. Consequent on some good we have done. To me, peace and happiness are incompatible with idleness. I am sure Heaven would be anything but a state of blessedness to me if I had nothing to do but sit down and enjoy myself—to contemplate my own happiness. Why, my dear friend, I should grow miserable in a week—get blue mouldy, as an odd acquaintance of mine once said, when she had no employment."

"Oh, of course we shall not be idle."

"Very well. Then comes the next thought—what shall we do?"

"I wouldn't trouble myself about that," said the friend, seeing on the invalid's brow an earnest contraction.

"I am not troubled about it in the least," was answered, a soft smile playing about the colorless lips. "But, as I am about going to reside in a new country, it is only natural that I should think a good deal about its inhabitants, and the way they live. There is no harm in that."

"Not unless it disturbs your mind, and brings into it a doubt of God's goodness."

"As it does not, but only seems to give me broader glimpses of His love, and wisdom, and great beneficence. Whenever we read about angels in the Bible, are they not always represented as doing something—as agents of God's good purposes? Now, I have read somewhere that all angels were once men and women, living upon some earth in God's universe. Don't you remember that the angel who appeared to John in the Apocalypse told him that he was one of his fellow servants, and of his brethren the prophets? And that the measure of a man is called the measure of an angel? You see, I think a great deal about these things. If I am to become an angel, and one of God's ministering spirits, then it is all clear to me. I shall be peaceful and happy, because, like God, I shall be employed in doing good. He, the greatest worker and greatest benefactor in the universe, is the most peaceful and the happiest; and the nearer our life comes to His, the sweeter and more perfect it will be. Do you know what I would most like to do in Heaven?"

A bright look came into the invalid's face.

"What?" asked her friend.

"Take dear little babies that come from the earth, and be as a mother to them. Oh!" and the brightness of her face grew into a glad radiance, "that would be happiness indeed!"

"Maybe it will be so," answered the friend, gazing in tender surprise on the face that seemed to have caught a light from Heaven.

"But I must not choose my work. God will know best," said the invalid. "He may send me to strengthen some poor sister walking in the world's hard and dangerous places, and so help me to save a soul that, but for an angel counsellor and guide, might be lost forever. Or, my work may be to comfort the sick, and keep their thoughts stayed on God; or, to be with the sorely tempted, holding them back from evil by counsels spoken to their inner thought. It will be all right, I know; and I shall be happy in my work, be it what it may. Oh, yes, God knows best; and it will all be well."

With a soft sigh of relief, as of one in whose mind some questioning doubt had been laid to rest, she let her head fall back upon her chair, her white lids slowly dropping down. There was a smile of peace upon her lips. She was looking beyond into the Heavenly land whither she was soon to go; not thinking of golden streets, and mansions of delight, but of the angel-work that waited her coming.

THE PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

AN eminent English clergyman, W. G. Blaikie, D. D., gives, in some notes of travel in America, the following interesting account of his visit, two or three years ago, to the Pacific Mills at Lawrence, Massachusetts. He says:

These mills, which are held by a joint-stock company, were started on the principle that there was to be an acknowledged mutual dependence between employers and employed; and that, inasmuch as the success of the proprietors must depend on the cheerful and intelligent co-operation of the work-people, certain plans should be adopted to secure the material, moral and intellectual welfare of the workmen, both as a duty to them, and one of self-interest to the proprietors. This preliminary condition is the more worthy of notice, that in England some workmen are apt to regard such measures as an interference with their rights; a view which does not seem to have been taken at all in America, though there the rights of workmen are held pre-eminently sacred.

Among the material arrangements designed for the benefit of the people, the first was, the erection of factory buildings, well lighted and well aired, of cheerful and comfortable aspect, in which the workers should have presented to them the brighter and not the gloomier surroundings of a life of toil. Next, comfortable dwelling-houses. Residences were provided for the heads of families at moderate rents; the rent answering to Adam Smith's condition, not exceeding one-eighth of the income. Large buildings were also erected for single females, divided into apartments, arranged for two persons each. These boarding-houses were placed under the charge of trustworthy superintendents, and they have proved a remarkable success. They accommodate in all upward of eight hundred girls. The boarders are under pretty stringent regulations in

many things, yet seem to enjoy their mode of life. This is the more remarkable, that some institutions of the same kind at home have failed. In Fountainbridge, Edinburgh, a boarding-house was opened of a similar kind, designed for the accommodation of girls working at a factory there. It has not been a success; partly, perhaps, because in a large town like Edinburgh the choice of lodgings is very large; partly, it may be, for other reasons. Of the male workers at Lawrence, many now own houses in which they dwell. About £50,000 has been thus invested by them. Besides these, there is a benefit society for sickness and other times of trouble. The payments vary from two to six cents, or say, one to three pence a week. In some conditions of the fund, the payments are suspended altogether. The fund is managed by the work-people, with the manager as chairman, and certain persons are named as stewards, whose duty is to attend to the comfort of the sick all the time they are disabled. The company show their mindfulness of all the possible conditions of their people, by providing a burial-ground for the use of those who die poor. All these arrangements draw the members of the factory together, and establish a subtle but powerful bond between them. Altogether about four thousand people are employed—half male, half female—the female workers being mostly young. The oil supplied in these arrangements lubricates the wheels, and the work goes on pleasantly, and to the shareholders most profitably.

The persons appointed to superintend the boarding-houses are selected for their ability to exercise a wholesome domestic influence on the young women who occupy their houses; and as may be looked for, when a Christian man has the appointment of them, are often persons of superior Christian character. The doors of these houses are locked at ten o'clock every night, and any improper behavior on the part of the inmates is checked. Throughout the whole establishment, drunkenness, profanity and other coarse and evil habits, are so discountenanced, that it is impossible for a person addicted to them to retain his connection with the works. It is not alleged that no woman of loose morale is in the establishment, but it is not thought that any become lax in it, and it is certain that there is no open propagandism of vice. Even overseers, when guilty of tyrannical or harsh treatment of those under them, are liable to censure, and there have been instances of their dismissal for such offences.

A library is also provided, and separate reading-rooms for the men and for the women. This branch of the operations is evidently carried on with vigor, and with unceasing endeavors to provide what will keep up the interest of readers. Evening schools are provided, partly by the company; and those boys and girls who are at the time of life (from ten to sixteen) when by law they must partially attend school, have facilities offered to them for complying with the requirement.

The success attending this system has been very

considerable. In the first place, strikes have been unknown. A higher class of workmen have been secured. A liberal scale of wages has been adopted, for the company has been exceedingly prosperous. The arrangements, especially where young women are employed, are, however, subject to some drawbacks. There is an immense amount of coming and going. Girls will often go away for a month or two months holiday and return at the end. The sum earned by the girls is about a dollar a day, and as their board and lodging cost little more than a third of this, there is an ample surplus for dress and what not. The amount of finery sold in Lawrence is said to be very large, and on Sundays the mill girls are dressed like ladies. I must own, however, that the appearance of the girls at work disappointed me. There was often a coarseness and ungainliness which I did not expect to see. But then it must be

and moral aspects, is due to the manager and the superintendent, and especially to the earnest Christian spirit by which they are animated. There are needed for such operations a degree and kind of patience, a kindness, a paternal consideration and a dependence on higher influences to guide and bless, that are only bred of earnest Christianity. If, in some cases, men making no profession of Christianity show a considerable amount of interest in their workpeople, and if, in other cases, men professing Christianity show none, but are hard and stern as granite blocks, this only shows how liable profession and practice are to part company. I must say, in behalf of the school of Arnold, Maurice and Kingsley, that it did great and good service, twenty or thirty years ago, by indicating the connection between the spirit of Christ and arrangements for the social well-being of the working classes, and by strongly



PACIFIC MILLS, LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS.

remembered that a great proportion are "foreign," that is, Irish and German. I was told that twenty years ago, two-thirds were natives of New England and one-third foreign; now the proportion is more nearly one-third native and two thirds foreign. And this, of course, must cause considerable difficulty in carrying out the spirit of the undertaking.

The company encourages the workmen to become owners of its stock, after the manner of the Crossleys of Halifax. The amount of stock thus held exceeds \$60,000. More than one of the workmen has been a member of the Lawrence City Government in its Board of Aldermen and Common Council; and not an annual election passes without the choice of one or more to some of these important offices.

I have only to add that, in my judgment, very much of the success of this undertaking, in its social

urging such arrangements, as a right and necessary development of the Christian spirit. From some of their views I differ widely; but I trust I shall never be deterred from giving honor to whom honor is due, and thus indicating one thing, at all events, in which the Broad Church has deserved well of the country. I make this acknowledgment the more readily, because I have observed that the Arnold school are for the most part feeble in motive power. They can give a direction to a spirit already generated; but to create Christian devotedness, to inspire the passion and self-denial of philanthropy, to breed the patience and hopefulness of sustained Christian effort, their system seems to me all too feeble.

LET our lives be pure as snow-fields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

THE BENGAL TIGER.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

THE tiger is nearly equal to the lion in strength, while it surpasses him in activity. It is found only in Asia, and especially in India, though it is not confined exclusively to that country, as it lives also in China quite far to the eastward.

the most thickly settled of any upon the globe, tigers and other wild beasts should abound to the extent of making travelling dangerous and dwelling insecure. But, to understand this, we should know something of the geography of the country. Though many parts of India are densely populated, there are still other regions where the foot of man has seldom if



We who, in a comparatively new country, have succeeded in either exterminating the wild beasts, or driven them back gradually before us as civilization has progressed westward, can hardly comprehend how it is possible that in a region the longest inhabited and ever trodden. The mountainous portions of India are almost inaccessible, and will probably continue to be, as they have always been, the undisturbed abodes of wild and dangerous animals of all kinds. The swamps and jungles which line the coast are equally

abandoned by men to the dominion of wild beasts. Again, the Ganges, with its many mouths, passes through a large section of the country called the Soonderbunda. These Soonderbunds are thickets and morasses, intersected by a hundred natural canals, incapable of cultivation or settlement, and the haunts of tigers, monkeys and poisonous reptiles. Thus, while on one side of the Hoogly, as this mouth of the Ganges is called, is found Calcutta, one of the great commercial cities of India, on the other side is a wilderness which must ever remain unconquered.

In these inaccessible regions tigers and other animals have their fastnesses, and from thence they venture on depredatory excursions.

The royal Bengal tiger is a most beautiful and magnificent creature. His hair is thick, fine and shining, its ground-color of a bright, tawny yellow, shaded into pure white on his under parts, and beautifully marked with dark undulating stripes and bands. He is in form a combination of strength and grace. As lithe in his motions as a cat, he can seize an ox in his mouth and carry it off with as much ease as a cat does a mouse, and without allowing its feet to drag on the ground. He sometimes attains to four and a half feet in height, and nine in length. The following anecdote will illustrate his strength:

"A buffalo, belonging to a peasant, having fallen into a quagmire, the man himself was unable to extricate it, and went to call the assistance of his neighbors. Meanwhile, a large tiger coming to the spot seized upon the buffalo and dragged him out. When the men came to the place, they saw the tiger with the buffalo thrown over his shoulder, in the act of retiring with him toward the jungle. No sooner, however, did he observe the men than he let fall the dead animal and precipitately escaped. On coming up they found the buffalo quite dead, and his whole blood sucked out. Some notion may be gained of the immense power of the tiger, when it is remembered that the ordinary weight of a buffalo is above a thousand pounds, and, consequently, considerably more than double its own weight."

It was once not uncommon in the Island of Java to have combats between tigers and buffaloes, in which the ferocity and agility of the tiger would sometimes prove more than a match for the strength of the buffalo. Combats between elephants and tigers were sometimes held in Siam, in which the elephants usually proved victors, though the tigers would show great bravery.

Tigers commit serious ravages in some portions of India, carrying off numberless cattle, and frequently children, and even men and women. In one district, a traveller tells us, three hundred men and five thousand cattle were destroyed during three years. The same traveller says:

"Whilst confined in the forest the tiger is comparatively harmless. There, feeding principally on deer, he rarely encounters man; and when the solitary hunter does meet the grim tyrant of the woods, instinctive fear of the human race makes the stupid monster avoid him. But, in the open country he be-

comes dangerous. Pressed by hunger, he seeks his prey in the neighborhood of villages, and carries off cattle before the herdsman's eyes. Still, he rarely ventures to attack man unless provoked or urged to desperation. But, under whatever circumstances human blood is first tasted, the spell of fear is forever broken. The tiger's nature is changed; he deserts the jungle, and haunts the very doors of his victims. Cattle pass unheeded, but their driver is carried off; and from that time the tiger becomes a man-eater."

Strange as it may seem, some of the natives regard tigers with a superstitious veneration, and take few, if any, precautions against them. They believe in the transmission of souls, and suppose that the souls of their ancestors are dwelling in the bodies of the tigers. They, therefore, when a tiger approaches their village, make him propitiatory offerings of rice and fruit, so that he may pass them by unharmed.

Tigers will sometimes attack alligators, and then the battle between these fierce monsters becomes terrible and exciting. A captain of a Guianan vessel tells the following story:

"The ocean was very smooth and the heat very great, which made us so languid that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of evening, to bathe in the waters of the Congo. However, I and Johnson were deterred from it by an apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the course of our voyage, and these very large. Campbell alone, who had been drinking too much, was obstinately bent on going overboard, and although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, he dashed into the water, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on board discovered an alligator making toward him, behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible, and I applied to Johnson to know how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility of saving him, and instantly seized on a loaded carbine, to shoot the poor fellow ere he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the event; yet, willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shots at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hailstones on a tiled pent house, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded. The report of the piece, and the noise of the blacks from the sloop, soon made Campbell acquainted with his danger; he saw the creature making toward him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of, he made for the shore. And now the moment arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a ferocious tiger sprang toward him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campbell was preserved. The

eager tiger, by overleaping, fell into the gripe of the alligator. A horrible conflict then ensued. The water was colored with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained—for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sank to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campbell was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board; he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had completely sobered him, but the moment he leaped on the deck he fell on his knees and returned thanks to the Providence that had so protected him. And, what is most singular, from that moment to the time I am now writing, he has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has he been heard to utter a single oath."

Hunting the tiger is considered royal sport, and those who can boast having once engaged in it, consider themselves qualified to look with contempt upon all sport of a less dangerous and exciting character. The elephant is frequently used to advantage in these combats. His superior strength and sagacity is of advantage to the hunter. Those who engage in this pastime sometimes come to grief, and are fortunate if they escape with their lives. A writer gives us the following story:

"Mounted on elephants, some Europeans, among whom were some indigo-planters and officers of a native regiment, left Bombay, intending to devote some time to the noble pleasure of tiger-hunting. They had not yet reached the skirt of the forest when the noise of their march aroused a huge tigress, which, far from flying, attacked furiously the line of elephants. One of these animals, seeing the tiger for the first time, was frightened, and in spite of the efforts of the hunter who rode him, turned tail on the terrible beast. Seeing this, the tigress rushed in pursuit, leaped on the elephant's back, seized the hunter by the thigh, dragged him to the ground, and throwing him over her shoulders as easily as a fox would have thrown a fowl, bounded off toward the forest. All the guns were at once directed toward her, but no hunter dared to fire, in the fear of hitting their unfortunate companion. They were soon out of sight, but they could follow by the trace of blood shed by the victim. Soon these traces became more and more indistinct, and, arrived in the heart of the forest, not knowing on which side to direct their steps, the hunters, in despair, were about to give up the pursuit, when, at the very moment they least expected it, they perceived the tigress and her prey both extended in the high grass. The beast was dead. The man, with his eyes wide open, was still conscious, but his thigh still remained in the jaws of the tigress, and he was too feeble to reply to the questions of his friends. It was necessary, in order to release him from his terrible position, to cut off the head of the animal, and to disjoin her jaws.

"Fortunately, a surgeon was present, and the best care was given to the wounded man, and he was con-

veyed to the nearest dwelling from the theatre of this frightful scene. When he had sufficiently regained his strength, he related his adventure thus:

"Stunned by his fall, weakened by loss of blood and pain, he had fainted a few seconds after the tigress seized him. When he regained consciousness he found himself on the back of the animal, which was trotting at a rapid pace toward the thicket. Every second his face and his hands were torn by the bushes through which the tigress carried him. His death appeared to him certain, and he remained motionless, resigned to his fate. Then the thought struck him that he had in his belt a pair of pistols. He seized one of them, and pointing it at the animal's head, he fired. The tigress shook violently, her teeth were pressed more deeply into the flesh of her victim—and that was all.

"The poor fellow fainted again. When he came to himself once more, wishing to try his last chance, he took his second pistol, and this time aimed under the shoulder-blade in the direction of the heart, and the tigress fell dead, without a struggle or a groan, whilst the hunter, exhausted by this last effort, had not even strength to shout to his friends when he heard them approach."

The tigress is a very affectionate and devoted mother, and is even a more dangerous antagonist when she has a young family, than is the tiger. The young cubs, when captured, make pretty and amusing pets.

"A young tiger," says a writer, "which was brought from China in the Pitt, East Indiaman, at the age of ten months, was so tame as to admit of every kind of familiarity from the people on board. It was as harmless and playful as a kitten. It frequently slept in the sailors' hammocks; and, when stretched on the deck, would allow two or three of them to repose with their heads resting on it for a pillow. It was, like the cat, given to thieving, and frequently stole the sailors' meat. One day, having stolen a piece of beef from the carpenter, he followed it, and, after taking the flesh out of its mouth, beat it severely for the theft, which it suffered without offering to retaliate. It would frequently run out on the bowsprit, climb about the ship like a cat, and perform a number of tricks with surprising agility. There was a dog on board, with which it would often play in the most diverting manner. This animal was placed in the menagerie of the Tower of London, where it remained many years, and never evinced any ferocity. It was called Harry, and answered to this name like a dog."

In holding of an argument, be neither concealed nor choleric; one distempers your understanding, the other abuses your judgment. Above all things, decline paradoxes and mysteries; you will acquire no honor either in maintaining a rank falsehood, or meddling with sacred truths; as he that pleads against the truth, makes wit the mother of his error; so he that argues beyond warrant, makes wisdom the midwife of his folly.



THE PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

THE long grass, burned brown
In the summer's fierce heat,
Snaps brittle and dry
'Neath the traveller's feet,
As o'er the prairie,
Through all the long day,
His white, tent-like wagon
Moves slow on its way.

Safe and snug with the goods
Are the little ones stowed,
And the big boys trudge on
By the team in the road;
While his sweet, patient wife,
With the babe on her breast,
Sees their new home in fancy,
And longs for its rest.

But, hark! in the distance
That dull, trampling tread;
And see how the sky
Has grown suddenly red!
What has lighted the west
At the hour of noon?
It is not the sunset,
It is not the moon!

The horses are rearing
And snorting with fear,
And over the prairie
Come flying the deer,
With hot, smoking haunches
And eyes rolling back,
As if the fierce hunter
Were hard on their track.

The mother clasps closer
The babe on her arm,
While the children cling to her
In wildest alarm;

And the father speaks low,
As the red light mounts higher—
"We are lost! we are lost!
'Tis the prairie on fire!"

The boys, terror-stricken,
Stand still, all but one:
He has seen in a moment
The thing to be done;
He has lighted the grass,
The quick flames leap in air;
And the pathway before them
Lies smoking and bare!

Now the fire-flend behind,
Rushes on in his power,
But nothing is left
For his wrath to devour;
On the scarred, smoking earth
They stand safe, every one,
While the flames in the distance
Sweep harmlessly on.

Then reverently under
The wide sky they kneel,
With spirits too thankful
To speak what they feel;
But the father in silence
Is blessing his boy,
While the mother and children
Are weeping for joy.

LOOK AT HOME.

SHOULD you feel inclined to censure
Faults you may in others view,
Ask your own life, ere you venture,
If that has not failings too.

Let not friendly vows be broken;
Rather strive a friend to gain;
Many a word in anger spoken
Finds its passage back again.

Do not, then, in idle pleasure,
Trifle with a brother's fame;
Guard it as a valued treasure,
Sacred as your own good name.

CRAWLING BATRACHIANS.

THE Crawling Batrachians are technically called *Amphibia Gracientia*. All these creatures have a much elongated body, a tail which is never thrown off, as in the frogs and toads, and limbs nearly equal in development, but never very powerful. The young are hatched from eggs, pass through the preliminary or tadpole state, and, except in a very few instances, the gills are lost when the animal attains its perfect form. Both jaws are furnished with teeth, and the palate is toothed in some species. The skin is without scales, and either smooth or covered with wart-like excrescences. There is no true breast-bone, but some species have ribs. When the young are first hatched they bear some resem-

fire, and remarks with evident surprise, that it was burned to a powder.

A piece of cloth dipped in the blood of a Salamander was said to be unhurt by fire, and certain persons had in their possession a fire-proof fabric made, as they stated, of Salamander's wool, but which proved to be asbestos.

The Salamander is a terrestrial species. It is slow and timid, generally hiding in some crevice during the day and seldom venturing out except at night or in stormy weather.

The Crawling Batrachians, called by the name of *Meantia*, contains a very few, but very remarkable species. In all these creatures the body is long and smooth, without scales, and the gills are very con-



NECTURUS LATERALIS.

blance to the tadpole of the frog, the gills being very conspicuous.

In these creatures, however, the fore-legs make their appearance first, and are soon followed by the hinder pair; whereas in the frogs the hind-legs are seen some time before the fore-limbs are visible externally.

The celebrated Salamander belongs to the order of Crawling Batrachians, and is found in many parts of the continent of Europe. This creature was formerly thought to be able to withstand the action of fire, and to quench even the most glowing furnace with its icy body. It is singular how such ideas should have been so long promulgated, for although Aristotle repeated the tale on hearsay, Pliny tried the experiment, by putting a Salamander into the

spacious, retaining their position throughout the life of the animal. The celebrated Proteus is an example of this order.

At Adelsberg, in the Duchy of Carniola, is a most wonderful cavern, called the Grotto of the Madde-lena, extending many hundred feet below the surface of the earth, and consequently buried in the profoundest darkness. In this cavern exists a little lake, roofed with stalactites, surrounded with masses of rock, and floored with a bed of soft mud, upon which the Proteus may be seen crawling uneasily, as if endeavoring to avoid the unwelcome light by which its presence is known.

These creatures are not always to be found in the lake, though after heavy rains they are tolerably abundant, and the road by which they gained admis-

sion is at present a profound mystery. Dr. Beale has given the following account of these curious creatures:

"One of the Proteuses I brought from Adeleberg lived for five years, and, what is very interesting, passed four years of his life in the same water, a little being added from time to time to make up the loss by evaporation. He lived in about a quart of water, which was placed in a large globe, this being kept dark by an outer covering of green baize. He was not once fed while he was in confinement."

The gills of the Proteus are very apparent, and of a reddish color, on account of the blood that circulates through them. The blood discs of this animal are of extraordinary size; so large, indeed, that they can be distinguished with a common pocket magnifier.

The color of the Proteus is pale, faded, flesh tint, with a wash of gray. The eyes are hidden beneath the skin, those organs being useless in the dark recesses where the Proteus lives.

Its length is about a foot. What are the natural habits of this strange animal, what is its food, of what nature its development and what is its use, are a series of problems at present unanswered. By some writers it has been thought to be merely the larval state of some large Batrachian at present unknown; but the anatomical investigations that have been made into its structure seem to confirm the idea that it is a perfect being, and one of those species which carry the gills throughout their whole existence.

In the *Necturus*, the head is much broader and flatter and the tail much shorter than in the preceding species. This animal belongs to the same family as the Proteus, but is a native of America, being found in the Mississippi and several of the lakes.

It is rather a large animal, attaining, when adult, a length of two or three feet, and being of a thick and sturdy make. The gills of this creature are large and well tufted, and the limbs are furnished with four toes on each foot, but without claws. The general color of the creature is olive-brown above, dotted with black, and with a black streak from the nostrils through the eye, and along each side of the tail. Below it is blackish-brown with olive spots.

BELIEVE THE BEST.—He who thinks better of his neighbors than they deserve, cannot be a bad man, for the standard by which his judgment is formed is the goodness of his own heart. It is the base only who believe all men base—or, in other words, like themselves. Few, however, are all evil. Even Nero did a good turn to somebody—for when Rome was rejoicing over his death, some loving hand covered his grave with flowers. Public men are seldom or never fairly judged, at least while living. However pure, they cannot escape calumny; however incorrect, they are sure to find eulogists. History may do them justice, but they rarely get it while alive, either from friend or foe.

WHOM SHALL WE HONOR?

"I AM out of all patience with this thing," said Mr. Jones; "it ought to be suppressed! No man should be permitted to make such scandalous remarks about one of our best and most public-spirited citizens!"

The speaker was in considerable excitement. He walked the floor nervously. The friend who had just come in, and to whom this speech was addressed, asked what had disturbed him.

"Read that!" said the other, slapping his hand spitefully against a newspaper. The friend took the paper and read:

"It is to be regretted that so large an outlay of money is to be made for hurting and demoralizing the people, instead of serving the common good. Neither great wealth, social position, nor ostentatious charity, can cover the infamy that must attach to any pursuit whereby a man builds up a fortune on the ruin of the health, morals and thrift of his fellow-citizens!"

"Now, what do you think of that, sir?" exclaimed the first speaker.

"Is it not true?" was asked, calmly.

"True! My gracious! Do you know of whom the fellow is speaking?"

"No."

"Look there, at the paragraph just above the one you have read! Ball Cardiff is the man!"

"Oh! it refers to the extensive addition he is now making to his breweries. Half a million is to be expended, I am told."

"Yes, sir. It is about Mr. Cardiff that the hound has written this libellous tirade. He ought to be horsewhipped, sir."

The friend took up the paper and read again: "Neither great wealth, social position, nor ostentatious charity, can cover the infamy that must attach to any pursuit whereby a man builds up a fortune on the ruin of the health, morals and thrift of his fellow-citizens."

"Looking up from the paper at Jones, he asked, soberly: 'Is not that true?'"

"Oh, yes, in the abstract, as a proposition in morals. But no man has a right to charge such infamy upon a high-minded, public-spirited citizen."

"Come to the window," said the friend. The two men looked across the street, where stood a lager beer saloon. "You have had fair opportunity to know whether that shop is a blessing or a curse to the people of this neighborhood. What say you, is it a blessing or a curse, Mr. Jones?"

"A curse!" was the unhesitating answer; "an unmitigated curse!"

"Do you call the keeper of this saloon a good citizen?"

"No, sir!"

"There are from four to six thousand places of like character in our city. Isn't it fearful to think of?"

"It is fearful," said Mr. Jones.

At this moment the keeper of the saloon came out,

and, crossing the street, entered the office of Mr. Jones, who was a lawyer.

"Good morning," he said, in the easy, satisfied way of a man with whom the world is going all right. "I've got a little business I'd like to have you attend to, Mr. Jones." And he laid down a ten-dollar bill. The lawyer took the money and inquired into the nature of the business. After it was stated, as the saloon-keeper seemed disposed to talk about his own affairs, the friend of the lawyer put in a few words to draw him out.

"How long have you kept this house?" he asked.

"Two years come next May," was answered.

"You have a good run of custom?"

"First rate, sir."

"And are laying up money?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much capital did it take to start your saloon?"

The man shrugged his shoulders. "Not much, as far as I was concerned."

"But it must have cost something to fit up and stock a place like yours?"

"So it did. But you see I had a rich uncle." And the saloon-keeper looked knowing and comical.

"Oh! Then a good many of you must have rich uncles," said the lawyer.

"I rather think we have," and the saloon-keeper laughed a queer, gurgling sort of laugh.

"Who was your uncle?"

"Mine? Maybe you'd like to know."

"Seriously," said the lawyer, "I would like to know just how you got a start in this business. I'm interested."

"Well, sir, my uncle was Ball Cardiff. He's a tip-top man, and rich as a Jew."

"Your uncle, really?" asked Jones's friend.

"Oh, no. Only the kind of relation Uncle Sam is to an office-holder. He just gave me a start. That's all. I've been uncle to myself ever since."

"Mr. Cardiff set you up?"

"Yes, sir, and a good many more of us. What's the use of his brewing if there's nobody to sell his liquor? The more saloons there are, the more demand for his beer. So, you see, whenever he finds a fellow like me, that can be trusted, he fits him up a saloon, puts in a few kegs of lager and strong ale, and sets him going. In a year or two all the fixtures are paid for, and kegs of lager by the hundred into the bargain."

"Oh! that's the way it's done!" said Mr. Jones, scarcely concealing his surprise.

"That's the way it was done in my case, and in the case of half a dozen more I could name."

The saloon-keeper went out, and the friend said: "Put that and that together, and what do you make of it? Is Ball Cardiff any more a good citizen than this man? Are his breweries public blessings, and this man's saloon an unmitigated evil?"

"The thing confounds me," replied Mr. Jones. "It seems that Cardiff really set up this moral pest-house over the way, and said to the man he put into

it, 'Make gain out of the ruin of human bodies and souls, and when you have gathered in enough to return the money I have expended, the establishment is yours.'"

"I could not state the case in truer sentences," answered the friend. "What then? Because a man is rich and lives grandly among us, giving largely of his wealth to public institutions, or scattering it in ostentatious charity, are we to accept and honor him as a high-minded and noble Christian gentleman? I trow not! Let the work every man is doing in the community be his judge. If it is good and useful work; if the man be a producer or a dispenser of things good for body or mind; let him have respect and honor. But, if he seek gain by ministering to depraved and sensual tastes and appetites, thus hurting all with whom he comes in contact through his work, let public sentiment brand him as unworthy of respect."

"I guess you are right," said the lawyer. "But this rule should apply as rigidly to those who, by vicious publications, poison the morals of the people."

"Just as rigidly. The two great evils of liquor-drinking and bad reading are doing an amount of injury to the people fearful to contemplate. In thus ministering to the demoralization and destruction of the souls and bodies of men, one class giving mental and the other physical poison for food and drink, large fortunes are being built up. Is society just to itself in taking by the hand and offering to the men who thus get gain honorable recognition just because they are rich? No! Every principle of right, of humanity, of religion, says no! What if a man like the one of whom we are speaking should give half a million dollars to found an orphan or an inebriate asylum? What compensation to society would this be for the stream of pauperism and crime that has flowed into almshouses and prisons for years, the head-waters of which may be found in his breweries? Do I put it too strongly? If so, let me suffer condemnation."

"A brewer," said the lawyer, "is not regarded in the light of a distiller of ardent spirits. Alcohol we know to be a poisoner of the blood, a hurtful and dangerous thing to take into the human stomach. Whisky and brandy-drinking we know to be injurious; but there is a large class that consider malt liquors not only innocent, but beneficial."

"Do you belong to that class?"

"No. I only speak of it in order to break, in a degree, the force of your condemnation of brewers. Only a short time ago some members of the Massachusetts Legislature visited an extensive brewery in the neighborhood of Boston, when one of them called the attention of the brewer to the harm he was doing, and urged him, as a good citizen, to give the matter his sober attention. To this the brewer replied, that he regarded himself as a public benefactor; that the brewery was an antidote to the distillery."

"What a fallacy!" exclaimed the friend.

"Yes, I think the declaration a great fallacy."

"A brewery is to a distillery what the primary school is to the advanced grades," said the other. "Beer drinking is the way to whisky-drinking. First we have light malt liquors, in which the element of intoxication, in the form of alcohol, is small. It is this alcohol that vitiates the taste, and creates the morbid desire for continued and increased stimulation. Then stronger beer and ale, in which more alcohol is contained. And so on until, with too many, the craving thirst will not be satisfied with anything less than gin or whisky. Those who matriculate in the beer-saloon, are pretty sure, in the end, to graduate at the gin palace."

"You have a very direct way of putting things," said the lawyer.

"If there is any defect in the 'putting,' let it appear. I have no interest in gainsaying the truth. No cause is worth contending for that cannot stand the rigid test of the highest and broadest truth—even Divine truth. 'As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.'"

"You cannot order society by that rule," was answered.

"There is no other safe rule for society. If all men observed it, all men would be prosperous and happy."

"But all men will not observe it. Every one looks to his own interest; and he must do it, if he would not be driven to the wall."

"A man serves his own interests while he serves others in useful work. This is a law of social order. The miner, the farmer, the artisan, the merchant, the artist, and professional man, each does good to the neighbor while serving himself. For what he receives he makes a return that adds to the wealth and comfort, or supplies some need of society. But he may, if he be dishonest and unscrupulous, give unfaithful work, overreach in bargaining, lie and cheat for gain, and so get from society an undue share of its wealth. Is the lazy thief, or daring robber, less honest or honorable than such a man? One hedges himself around by legal immunities; you cannot catch him at his villainies; he is too cunning and cautious; the other is reckless and bold, and society hunts him down and shuts him up in prison."

"Now, I hold it to be a wretched and perverting fallacy, that men cannot prosper in honest work. Faithfulness to any useful calling—that faithfulness which includes skill, industry, thought and perseverance—always must give a sure return. The man who masters his business or profession, and conducts it with intelligence and prudence, has no need to swerve a hair's breadth from the golden rule, in order to attain success. This I maintain against all argument to the contrary."

"But the makers and venders of intoxicating drinks, the publishers and sellers of vile and corrupting books and papers, and all others who get money by doing things hurtful to society, are another and a distinct class, who do not even make a pretence of being useful citizens. They serve no great interest. They produce nothing that men may use without

hurt. They absorb the earnings of the weak, the unwary, the vile, the besotted. They give poison instead of bread for the money they receive. The evil of their doings cries aloud from every lane and street of our cities, and from every town, and village, and neighborhood in the land. Their work is seen in prisons and almshouses, in orphan and insane asylums, in the haunts of poverty, wretchedness and crime. There is no good in it—nothing but unmixed evil.

"And because men grow rich in the doing of such fearful wrongs to society, shall society do them honor? Let every man answer to his own heart and conscience. We must have a higher, a purer, a manlier public sentiment. We must begin to call things by their right names. We must judge of men by what they are."

"As you are certainly doing," said the lawyer.

"Am I right or wrong?" asked his friend.

"Right! And I would to Heaven that all men were as bravely outspoken," was the prompt reply.

T. S. A.

OUR FATHER.

A GOOD woman, searching out the children of a want, one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say: "Pull the string up high! Pull the string up high!" She looked up and saw a string which, on being pulled, lifted a latch; and she opened the door upon two little, half-naked children, all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the older.

"And are you not very cold? No fire on a day like this!"

"Oh! when we are very cold we creep under the quilt, and I put my arms round Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me;' then we get warm," said the little girl.

"And what have you to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God's sparrows; and we say 'Our Father' and 'daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came in the good woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but these two little "sparrows," perched in that cold upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.

A SURE friend is best known in an adverse state; we know not whom we trust till after trial; there are some who will keep us company while it is clear and fair, who will be gone when the clouds gather. That is the only friendship which is stronger than death; and those the friends whose fortunes are embarked in the same bottom, who are resolved to sink or swim together.

SAGO.

AMONGST the important farinaceous substances which we derive from tropical climates, sago holds a prominent place; together with arrowroot and tapioca, it is one of those pure forms of starch so useful in the dietary of invalids and children. Like many other articles of every-day use, but little is generally known amongst consumers about its origin, or the countries from whence we obtain it. Though sago, tapioca and arrowroot are all similar in their composition, and are used for similar purposes, they are yielded by distinct plants, and are natives of widely different parts of the world. Genuine sago is furnished by two or more species of *Sagus*, true palms, natives of the islands of the Indian Archipelago, where they not only form extensive natural forests, but are likewise very largely cultivated. The two most important species are *Sagus Rumphii* and *S. levis*. They are both trees, the latter growing to a height of from thirty to fifty



S. RUMPHII—A SAGO-YIELDING PALM.

feet, and the former somewhat smaller. They bear a crown of large pinnate leaves, somewhat erect, but bending over sufficiently to give a very graceful appearance to the plants. The flowering spikes are terminal, arising from the centre of the crown of leaves. In *S. Rumphii* the leaf-stalks (petioles) and the sheaths, which enclose the lower portion of the flower spikes, are armed with long sharp spines, while in *S. levis* they are smooth—hence one is known as the prickly and the other as the spineless sago palm. The flower spikes are produced when the trees are about fifteen years old, and it takes three years to ripen the fruits, after which the trees die,

The fruits of this group of palms are, perhaps, the most beautiful of any throughout the entire vegetable kingdom. The figure will give a better idea of their character than any written description.



FRUIT OF S. RUMPHII.

Sago is contained in the soft cellular or central portion of the trunks, and to obtain it the trees are felled, and the trunks cut up into truncheons, about two feet long, which are split down the middle, and the interior scooped out, pounded, and thrown into water. The starch, of course, separates from the remainder of the pulpy mass, and is poured off with the water, which is allowed to stand or settle, and the residue is collected and purified by successive washings, and finally dried, the result being the production of a meal or flour known as sago meal. This, however, undergoes a further system of refining and granulating before it enters into European commerce. The granulating process is said to be of Chinese origin, and it is chiefly carried on at Singapore. The meal, as taken to the manufactory, is usually packed in bags made of plantain leaves. It is carefully washed and strained, and exposed to the air for a short time. When the mass becomes tolerably dry, it is then broken up into small pieces and again placed in the air under cover, where it remains until it is thoroughly dry. The lumps are then pounded until the whole has become small enough to be passed through a sieve, the meshes of which are so made as to produce, by the final operation of granulating, the several forms or sizes of the "pearls." This last operation of granulating or "pearling" consists of placing the sifted sago in large bags, and thoroughly shaking them backward and forward for several minutes, when the sago is turned out of the proper form, and requires only to be dried before packing for exportation.

The largest quantity of sago is formed in the trunk just at the period when the flower spikes appear. If the flowers were allowed to develop, and the fruits to ripen, the trees would become exhausted and die, and in this state the central portion of the trunk is

dried up and is consequently worthless, therefore any delay beyond the proper time in cutting down the



SAGO STARCH MAGNIFIED.

trees would be attended with loss to the grower. The plants are usually propagated by offsets.

Sago is exported from Singapore not only to Europe, but also to India and the Cape. Quantities of sago meal are carried in native boats from Sumatra and other neighboring islands to Singapore, to be manufactured into "pearl sago;" but the article is not so important in Sumatra as it is in the Moluccas, where, indeed, it is the staple food. It is used in various ways. In Ceram it is made into flat cakes, about two inches square, and a half inch thick, four of such cakes being considered sufficient food for one day. The granules of sago starch, as seen under the microscope, are large, and of an elongated form, compressed at one end and round at the other, where there is usually a crack or slit, and a series of fine ring-like markings surround the granules. This appearance, however, is somewhat altered in granulated or pearl sago. The heat used in its preparation causes the starch masses to become larger and much more irregular.



STARCH GRANULES OF PEARL SAGO MAGNIFIED.

Sago is known in commerce under three distinct terms, namely, "small," "medium" and "large." Several sizes, however, do actually occur, the smallest being about the size of pins' heads, and the largest

about the size of coriander seeds. The color also varies much, some sorts being of a beautiful white, and others of a dull whitey-brown. A good deal of the very white sago is bleached by chloride of lime.

Sago is imported both in bags and boxes, each containing about a hundred-weight or rather more.

A great deal of fictitious sago is made from potato starch, and is used chiefly for mixing with genuine sago.



SPURIOUS SAGO FROM POTATO STARCH, MAGNIFIED.

Sago flour, an article but little known in trade, is the meal after it has undergone a perfect system of washing and sifting, minus the granulating process.

The generic name *sagus* is derived from the commercial *sago*, which, perhaps, would be more properly spelt *sagu*, and which in the language of the Papuan races means bread, in allusion to its use as an article of food.

Sago is, to a certain extent, nutritious like tapioca, arrow root and other alimentary starches. Its great recommendation is that it is very easy of digestion, and on this account is valuable as an article of diet for invalids and children. Though commerce is chiefly indebted for its supply to the two species of *Sagus* before mentioned, several other palms yield sago, which is used in the respective countries where the plants grow, such for instance as *Phœnix farinifera* in India, *Corypha Gebanga* in Java, and *Sagus Vitiensis* in Fiji. It is also obtained from the stems of some of the *Cycadaceæ*.

"GIVE, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give unto your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again." This Divine law rules, in regard to spiritual things, both on earth and in Heaven. We must minister because we have received; and we must minister that we may receive more abundantly. In ministering to others, we enter into the true order of our life. Our life comes from God, who is the universal Giver. It must therefore impel us to give; it must prompt us to words of help and deeds of use.—*Words in Season.*

MOTHER AND SON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF."

"H^{AS} my John been here to-night?" asked Mrs. Brown, as she looked in about nine o'clock at one of her neighbor's.

"Yes. He was here just after supper, and he and Jim went off together."

they're going to turn out well, it'll all come right in the end; if not, nothing that we can do is going to help it."

"No—no—no, Mrs. Moyer! Don't say that," spoke out Mrs. Brown, warmly. "We can do almost everything with our children if we go right about it. We must watch over them, and keep them, as far as



"Do you know where?" asked Mrs. Brown, her voice unsteady from the anxiety she felt.

"Oh, dear! no," was the rather sharp reply of her neighbor, whose name was Mrs. Moyer. "It's more than I can do to keep run of them. Jim's getting ahead of me. Boys are boys, and will have their own way; and it's no use worrying about them. If

we can, out of harm's way. We must teach them what is good, and try to make them afraid of all that is evil and wrong. 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it,' says the good Book, and I believe it."

"Maybe it's all so," answered Mrs. Moyer, showing some annoyance of manner, "but, as far as my

experience goes, the old lady who said, 'Train up a child, and away he will go,' had the right on't. As for my Jim, you might as well try to ride a colt as to train him."

"The wildest colts are broken," said Mrs. Brown.

"Boys are not colts," was sharply replied.

"Good-evening," said Mrs. Brown, who went home with an anxious heart. Her visit to Mrs. Moyer left that person in an irritated frame of mind, chiefly growing out of the fact that something in what Mrs. Brown had said set conscience to work, and conscience accused her of neglected duty. "I'll turn over a new leaf with Jim," she said, angrily, to herself, after sitting and thinking for a good while after Mrs. Brown went away. "He sha'n't tramp off every night just as he pleases."

So, nursing her anger, Mrs. Moyer waited for Jim's return, when she meant to berate him soundly, and lay down the law for his future government. He was later in coming home than usual, and this lateness worked on Mrs. Moyer's frame of mind as an irritant.

"Where have you been, sir?" was the unexpected demand that surprised the boy as he came in. The angry voice and countenance of his mother surprised him still more, for of late he had been allowed to go and come pretty much as he pleased. "Where have you been, sir? Why don't you answer me?"

Mrs. Moyer caught Jim by the shoulder, and shook him in a paroxysm of rage. When her anger rose, it usually overmastered her. Self control was one of the lessons she had never learned.

Treatment like this roused all that was evil in the boy's nature.

"I've been where I pleased," he answered, roughly.

At this his mother beat him about the head in a blind fury. Jim defended himself as best he could until his mother's rage had spent itself, when he escaped from her, and went off to bed in a most rebellious state of mind. He lay awake for a whole hour, meditating evil.

"I hate her, and I'll spite her!" So he thought and said in bitter anger.

It was after ten o'clock when John Brown came in. He opened the door softly, hoping that his mother would not hear him. But she met him as he entered, saying, gently, but in a voice that was troubled—"This is all wrong, my son. Where have you been?"

"I didn't know it was so late, mother," answered the boy, respectfully.

"Where have you been?" Mrs. Brown repeated her question.

John was silent, and his silence sent a sharp pain through his mother's heart. He stood with drooping eyes, and something dogged in his manner. There was a look like guilt in his face.

"John," said Mrs. Brown, speaking in a tender, yet serious and impressive manner, "the boy who is afraid or ashamed to tell his mother where he has been, is walking in dangerous ways. Were you with Jim Moyer?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"I'm afraid he is not a good boy. Do you think he is?"

John made no reply to this.

"There is one thing, my son, that I will have to insist upon," said Mrs. Brown, firmly. "You must not be out in the evening after nine o'clock. Indeed, being out at all is against my wishes. If your father were living, he would, I know, forbid your leaving the house at night unless he knew, in every case, where you were going."

To all this John answered nothing, but stood with downcast eyes, and an expression of countenance that troubled his mother.

"My dear boy"—there were tears in Mrs. Brown's eyes, and her voice shook as she spoke—"there are only two ways in life—a right way and a wrong way. The right way leads to happiness, the wrong way to misery. You are old enough to know what is right and what is wrong. If your feet are going astray, you are not walking in ignorance of the dangers that surround you. Oh, John! for my sake, for your dead father's sake, for your own sake, I beseech you to come back into better and safer paths."

A hot flush spread over the boy's face, and his eyes glistened, as he looked up hurriedly at his mother, and then turned himself partly away.

"Good-night, my son," said Mrs. Brown.

"Good-night," answered John, and went up to bed.

Mrs. Brown retired to her room, and sat there for nearly an hour, still, almost, as a statue. Then, kneeling at her bedside, she prayed for her boy, weeping bitter tears.

In the morning John was in a better state of mind, and, when his mother talked to him, promised to keep himself away from all bad companions.

In a very different frame of mind from this was Mrs. Moyer's boy when he left home in the morning, and went to the shop where he worked. His mother rated him angrily at breakfast, and when he left the house, bitterness and rebellion were in his heart. The two boys met on the street.

"Did you catch it last night?" was the salutation of Jim Moyer.

"No," was answered.

"Well, I did! The old woman pitched into me like a thunder-storm. But I'll be even with her. Next time I'll stay out until eleven o'clock; and if she cuffs me about again, I'll stay out all night—see if I don't."

"You'd better not," replied John. "I've promised mother to be in at nine o'clock."

"Ho! What a spooney!" shouted Jim, derisively.

The blood mounted to John's forehead. He could not bear ridicule. This was one of his weaknesses.

"I'm not an apron-string boy," added Jim, with a sneer.

"Neither am I," said John. "But right's right."

"It isn't right to force a boy who works hard all day to stay in the house at night, and never let him

have a bit of fun," answered Jim Moyer. "They can't break me into that. I'll run away first."

"Run away!" responded John, in momentary surprise at the suggestion.

"Yes; and I've a mind to do it anyhow. I'm tired of being harped at all the time. It got into my head last night, after the old woman cuffed me, and it's been going round there ever since. Wouldn't it be jolly to go about and do just as you please? I think so."

The boys parted, having agreed to meet after supper at a saloon—not to get liquor, though they often treated themselves to a glass of beer when they had spending-money, but to play at dominoes, and to listen to the coarse and too often obscene talk of the men and boys who nightly assembled there.

Already the imaginations of both were sadly corrupted, yet, in the case of John Brown, there were in him elements of good, and he had home influence, all of which were a perpetual restraint—that, but for the too close companionship of Jim Moyer, would have held him back from the evil ways his feet were entering, and might have wholly withdrawn him from danger.

The boys met in the evening, as they had agreed. There was much company at the saloon, a good deal of story-telling, ribald songs and boisterous mirth. As the hands on the clock approached nine, John watched them uneasily. He had promised his mother not to be away later than that hour, and he meant to keep his promise. But never had the attractions of the place seemed so strong. A man who had been to sea was telling a story of adventure, and John was listening with eager interest. Nine o'clock came. The man's story, not half done, was in the most exciting part. How could the boy tear himself away? Minute after minute went by, and still the story went on, John listening with an almost breathless interest. He lost himself in the stirring narrative—forgot time and place—starting with surprise and almost pain, at length, as his glance fell upon the clock, whose dial showed them that it was almost ten.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, half aloud, as he rose to his feet.

Jim, who was by his side, caught hold of him, saying, in a positive voice—"Stop, old fellow! You're not going?"

"Oh! but I must. I promised mother to be home by nine."

"And it's nearly ten. So you can't keep that promise, my hearty! In for a penny, in for a pound. Might as well die for a sheep as a lamb."

"What's the matter, boys?" asked the man who had just been telling his adventurous story.

"Oh, nothing; only John Brown is one of your apron-string chaps, and wants to get home to his ma!"

The blood mounted to John's face as the man laughed coarsely.

"He'll soon get bravely over that," answered the latter. "How old are you?" he added, looking keenly into John's face as he asked the question.

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"Thirteen next March," replied John.

"And how old are you?" speaking to Jim.

"Twelve," said Jim.

"Two likely chaps. Just the kind to see the world. Here, waiter! bring out one large and two small glasses of ale. Were you ever at sea?"

"No, sir," answered Jim.

"Would like to go—see that in your eyes."

"Guess I would. Go to-night if I had the chance," answered Jim.

"Boy after my own heart," said the man, slapping him on the shoulder.

Jim straightened himself up and looked very proud.

The ale was brought by the waiter, and the two boys invited to drink. It was strong ale, and went quickly to John's head, thus giving him over to the tempter.

Well, sorrowful to relate, neither John Brown nor Jim Moyer went to their homes that night. When day broke for them, they were on board a whaling ship, with sails spread to the winds and moorings just cast loose.

Three days of fear and uncertainty passed, when Mrs. Brown got these brief lines from her boy, sent by a pilot who had taken the ship to sea:

"DEAR MOTHER: I did mean to come home by nine, as I told you, but I was tempted to stay later. I've gone to sea, and don't know when I'll be back. It's all wrong to bring this trouble on you—you've been so good. If it wasn't for you and little Emily, and Harry, I wouldn't care. I shall like the sea, I know. Don't worry about me, and don't let Harry go out at night. I'll come out all straight. Good-bye, dear mother. JOHN."

Poor Mrs. Brown! The shock was so terrible that it made her sick, and there was a time when the doctor despaired of her life. Very slowly she rallied, but her feeble health was feebler, and the hope of better days to come, when her eldest boy should be able to help her bear the too heavy burdens of life, was almost dead in her heart. John's weekly wages had for some time been her main dependence; and now, with two children to provide for, and only the resource of her needle, poor Mrs. Brown had to fight more fiercely the wolf at her door.

Months went by, but neither Mrs. Brown nor Mrs. Moyer had any tidings from the boys. A year, and still a silence like that of the grave was on their fate. Two, three, four years, and yet there came no word.

Mrs. Moyer, when she found that Jim had run away from home, was very bitter against him, and prophesied his utter ruin.

"He was always a ne'er-do-well," she said, "and no good will ever come to him. If he's not drowned, he'll be hung."

And yet, even as she said this, nature pleaded for him, and made the mother's eyes wet with tears. Ah! if she had been wiser and more loving—if she had ruled her own spirit while trying to rule him—

the boy's chance in life would have been a hundred-fold better.

It is more than six years since John Brown left home. He is nearly twenty years of age. For all that time he has been a wanderer in distant lands and seas, thousands and thousands of miles away from the land of his birth. He has met hardships and danger, has been through many temptations, and fallen into many sad evils and vices, but never into crime. From this, the thought of his mother, and the lessons she had stored up in his mind, has always held him back. Many times has he written to her, but always destroyed the letters. He had not the heart to send them. "She thinks me dead, and it is better so," he would say bitterly to himself as he tore them up.

It was a wild night on the sea. The wind was blowing a gale, and the waves dashed heavily. Standing near the side of the ship, looking into the black sky, out of which every now and then leaped blinding flashes, was a young man in a sailor's dress. The lightning that lit his face revealed a handsome countenance, browned by exposure, and clear, strong eyes, full of courage, yet saddened by some intruding thoughts.

Lifting his hands without a seeming purpose, as if in absent-mindedness, he took firm hold of the shrouds. In the next instant his feet were high in the air! A mountain wave, the onward roll of which had not been seen in the darkness, broke over the ship, sweeping off men and boats, and everything not held by the firmest fastenings.

The young man's involuntary gripe of the shrouds had saved him! The captain, who had stepped on deck at the moment the ship was struck, went over, and was lost; so was the mate. Of those that were left, only this young man could sail the ship, and on him devolved the duty of command. Those who saw him on the day before, and on the morning after the storm, scarcely recognized him as the same individual. All his gay recklessness was gone—all his careless bearing. In their stead was a grave, half-sad, quiet and reserved manner, that seemed to lift him away from his old companions, at the same time that it inspired respect. In his new position all gave him obedience.

The ship was from China, bound to Valparaiso, with silks and teas. Here a cargo of hides was to be taken in for the United States. At Valparaiso, reached in three weeks after the young man took charge of the vessel, it had been his intention to leave her and go up the coast to California. But a change had come over him. New life-purposes were forming. "Let the past die—I have another future," he said resolutely to himself.

When the consignees at Valparaiso learned all the particulars of the captain's loss, and the good service the young man had rendered in bringing the ship safely to port, they not only made him a handsome present in money, but put him in command for the homeward voyage to New York.

"Seven years to-night," said Mrs. Brown, raising herself in bed with an effort. "Seven years to-night. Oh, Father! where is my boy?" And a look of anguish, blended with hope and entreaty, swept over her face as she lifted her eyes upward. "I have kept him ever before Thee, oh, God! Daily have I prayed that he might be held back from evil. If he still lives, oh! lead him home to his mother!"

A hand was on the door. Mrs. Brown started, and an eager, expectant look came flushing into her face. The door opened into the small, poorly-furnished room, and a girl of fifteen entered.

"Oh, it's you, Emily," said Mrs. Brown, in a tone of disappointment, that did not escape her daughter's ear.

"Yes, mother; but who did you think it was?"

"Oh! no one in particular," and the sick woman turned her face away from her daughter's searching looks.

"Mrs. Moyer's heard from Jim," said Emily.

At this her mother started up quickly, her pale face growing paler.

"What of him?" she asked.

"Nothing good, of course. He's dead!"

"Dead?"

"Yes. And that isn't the worst of it—he's been hung for piracy."

"Hung!"—and Mrs. Brown fell back on the bed, uttering a deep groan.

"The news came to-day, in a letter written to his mother before his death. Mrs. Flack told me as I came home. It was a dreadful letter, she says. He told her that it was all her fault; that if she had taken better care of him when he was a little boy, and not scolded and knocked him about the way she did, it might all have been different."

"Did he say anything about John?" asked Mrs. Brown, rising up in bed and looking eagerly at her daughter.

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. I asked Mrs. Flack—and she heard the letter read."

Mrs. Brown sunk back again on the pillows from which she had lifted her sick head, closed her eyes, and turned her face to the wall, while Emily, who had just come home from her day's work at a dress-maker's, drew out a small table, laid it with a white cloth, and commenced getting tea.

"Harry is late to-night," said Mrs. Brown, a slight uneasiness in her voice.

"They keep him late," replied Emily. "The fact is, they put too much on him. Mr. Grayloft has no more feeling for a boy than for a dog. And, then, to give him only a dollar a week! If we were not so poor—"

A quick, strong knock caused Emily to start. Before she could move to answer it the door was pushed open by a stout man. His face was brown from exposure, and partly covered by a short beard and mustache. For a few moments he stood silently surveying the room, then striding across to the bed,

he bent down eagerly, and catching the sick woman in his arms, cried out in a voice broken with feeling, "My mother! Oh, my mother!"

Oh, the blessedness of that moment! There lies in our pen no skill to describe it. The wanderer had come back. The lost was found.

"God has answered my prayers for you," sobbed the happy mother, as she lay with her head on his breast, looking up into the clear, loving eyes that rested tenderly on her face.

"I believe it," he answered; and then he told her of that wild night on the ocean, and how, by an involuntary act of catching hold of the shrouds, he had been saved. "I had been thinking of you, mother," he said, "as I stood looking into the blackness of darkness around me, lit up every few moments by strong flashes. I remembered the early times when I put my little hands together as I knelt beside you, and the words of a prayer then said came into my mind. At this moment, without a thought of danger, I grasped firmly hold of the shrouds. But for that act, prompted, I am sure, by some angel who came to

me in the memory of that prayer I said at your knee, I would now be lying in the depths of the sea."

Ah! the loving, long-grieving mother, who had never wholly lost faith in the power of her early precepts and watchful care over her boy, had her sweet reward. He had come back in the very prime of manhood to be her stay and comfort.

"I have been a wild, reckless boy, mother," he said to her; "tempted in many ways; but, thanks to your loving, patient care over my childhood—thanks to the good and true things you were ever trying to teach me—I have been saved from the commission of crime. And now I bring you help. Good fortune has met my purpose to lead a new and better life. The owners of the ship I brought home are so well pleased, that they have offered me, young as I am, the place of captain. So, mother dear, after the long, sorrowful night, day has broken, and the darkness—God being my helper—shall never fall on your life again."

And it did not.

STEVEN COOK, DOG.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

"CAN'T stand it any longer 'thout a dog—it seems so lonesome and quiet with nothing to bark, or whine, or waggle, or eat the bones," said my Brother Rube, one day two years ago, as he leaned on the well-curb and drank again and again of the delicious draught that ran over the mosey rim of the oaken bucket and fell with a cool drip upon the ferns and mosses that made the old well a marvel of beauty.

"But, Rube," I said, "it would really be better to take somebody's poor, little, lonely child, and feed, and clothe, and care for it. It is downright wasteful to pour out one's affection on a brute when there are children starving for it, perishing for the love that would make their bleak lives all a-bloom."

"But, Zelle, if you'd see the breed of dogs that Snurr has—why they know almost as much as children, and they are such companionable dogs, too! If I had one of them I wouldn't miss my wife so much when she goes to her mother's on a visit, I could converse with the dog, you see."

About a week after this talk I heard a "yeep, yeep, Zelle!" and looking down the street I saw Rube, taking very long strides, and holding one hand on a pouchy-looking protuberance on his breast—holding as tenderly as if he had a sore breast.

"I've got it! I've got it!" he hailed, tipping his hat back off from his sweaty forehead.

"Got what?" I said, thinking of poultices and plasters.

"Why that dear, little puppy, and I wouldn't take one hundred dollars for 'im now."

"What color?" I asked.

"Pale buff."

"Bad," I said, in disgust, "I never knew a dingy

buff dog to amount to much. I don't like a diluted color; wish he'd been gray, and as ringed as a zebra."

"Oh, no, they're too common! Come over to night and see 'im; he's a real treat, I tell you."

"Well, we'll all come over. But what did you pay for him, Rube?"

"I tried to trade; I offered a calf, and then a pig, but Snurr wanted the money. I hadn't a cent, so I gave my note for three dollars. I don't know where the money is to come from, but, Zelle, you know I had to have a dog."

I stood and watched the rich poor man as he strode homeward, looking down lovingly every few steps into his bosom—poor fellow. I did laugh as I thought of his pressing need of a dog, and I remembered of a like necessity that beset him in his childhood. He wanted a pocket-book, and he had no money to pay for one, but he went to the store and told the merchant his sore need and he let him have one on trust.

In the evening we went to see the new puppy. He was one of the most winsome little dears we ever saw. He was as soft and puffy as a cushion, and his precious little nosey looked as if it was meant to be kissed. It was very snubby and wrinkly, and Rube said it positively was dimpled, but, then, Rube is such a dog-lover that he would idealize ugly fighting scars into dimples.

"I want no furse about naming my dog," said Rube, sticking his thumbs, in a wise way, in his arm-holes; "to avoid that I have named him myself, and have the name recorded on the stable-door. I knew it would be such a task for you women folks—my wife here would have called him Orralee, and you would have named him Clarence Theodore, and the

girls, Fernando or Daniel Wallace or some such twaddle. I knew how it would be, so I took the responsibility myself, and named him Steven Cook, after that half-witted fellow who used to live down the creek. You'll redeem the name, though, won't you, honey?" and Rube lifted him by the creasy skin on the back of his neck, and the dear creature hung like a little wallet.

We abominated the ugly name of Steven; we oh'd, and ah'd, and shook our several heads, and were horrified, but the deed was done, the dog was named and the name was recorded in keel.

While we all sat on the porch admiring Stevie, who was waddling round his lodging basket, we observed that he rolled down off the steps and walked round and round a rose-bush, and from there he went out beside the fence. It was twilight when we rose to go home. Just then Stevie gave a sharp bark that ended in a piercing scream of dog-distress, and tumbled over on his back in the fence corner. Rube tip-toed out to see what had hurt the dog. He peeped about, he leaned down, and there, close up to the fence, sitting up as though ready to spring upon innocent little Steven Cook, was another dog, or it seemed to be one in the dim twilight. He was dark-colored, and he sat up on end and his two ears stuck up straight from the sides of his head. Rube was very angry—he rushed into the house with his howling little Stevie in his arms, and then rushed out again with a loaded rifle.

"I don't care if that murderous whelp is General Grant's dog, die he must; it was an unprovoked attack upon an infant puppy. I'll make buzzard feed of 'im quicker'n you could say Jack Robison," said Rube, with an air of injured importance. He took aim and fired. The dog never moved. Rube seized a club, saying, "I killed him so dead he can't be any deader, that's the reason he don't tumble over. I'll 'sist him a little;" and he hurled the club viciously at the dog, who still sat bolt upright. Rube took a few steps nearer—he leaned down and squinted closely, and then spitting his hands on his legs with a gesture that meant a good deal, he turned and came to the house.

"Well," we said.

"Well," he said, and looked sneaking as a thief.

"Did you kill that dog in the corner?" said his wife.

"Don't let us talk about dogs," he replied; "there are things of more importance that should claim our attention—dogs are perishable creatures, anyhow."

We ran past him to look at the dead victim, and there sitting bolt upright, with its imaginary ears uplifted, was an old boot standing with the stiff straps up, looking not unlike ears.

This incident is one of our standing jokes on Rube. His years are peppered full of jokes, and he enjoys them in a rational, refreshing way.

It was not long until the little roly-poly puppy would come over to our house with his master. We would meet him at the gate, and say, "Good-morning; did you want to see your grandpa and your

aunts?" and we would shake him, and hug him, and roll him around; he was as loose-skinned and round and soft, that it was a treat to frolic with the little denr.

Sometimes he would come over to his grandpa's alone—the darling; he would come swinging along, from side to side, like a lymphatic alderman, his little puffs of feet looking as tender as a young baby's. But he never could climb the fences, and he would stop and cry, and peep through, and shake his head dolefully, as much as to say, "Ah, woe is me! woe is me!" Then we always went out and lifted him over.

And so, for two years Steven Cook, dog, has grown into our affections, until we love him humanly, and now we think pale buff is the finest and richest dog-tint extant.

Last Sabbath morning I saw him standing beside a board that lay flat in the door-yard; he was trying to peep under it and turn it over. He strove valiantly, thrusting his nose down, and poking his nails under, and whining in a very earnest manner. I saw him, and said, "What's under there, Cookie? Did you lose a bone, son? Do you want auntie to help you?"

He whined out in a half-laughing, half-crying voice, "Oh, auntie, it's more than the marrowiest kind of a bone that's under the board! Oh, I long to be there!—it's a rat, woman, that's under here! a rat!"

I said, "Now, you stand here, and be wrought up to your very sharpest, and I will tip the board over and give you a good chance to catch the rat."

As soon as I raised it, the whole dog, in a heap, alighted right on the rat and killed it at one fell crush, and shaking his head, tossed his victim to one side and looked up at me, as much as to say, "Your most obedient servant, madam."

Because we have no boy to attend the girls when they go away, Steven accompanies them. He tries to behave like a boy. He ignores other dogs entirely, and walks along beside the girls with a strut that is perfectly ludicrous. He carries his tail up with as much pride and satisfaction as a dandy would his twirling cane. The girls say that if other dogs attack him on the street, he slinks close up to them, and very often makes it seem to outsiders that they are his colleagues, that the proffered fight is theirs to resent as much as his.

Every morning he comes over here for his breakfast, and then goes back home in time for the shaking of the tablecloth. And so we all like Stevie. I never was angry with him but once, and he is still under the ban of my displeasure.

With a dog to eat the bones, I never felt as if we needed one of our own; but Stevie's owner, in his largeness of heart, insisted that we did, and said the first time he could get a good dog for me he would. I said that I wanted no more claim on any dog than I had on Steven Cook—and, believing the matter settled, I thought no more of it. But, one day last winter, Rube came home from town leading a poor little mangy cur by a string. He turned in at our gate, and, to my dismay, puffing like a por-

poise, said, "Well, Zelle, I got you a dog at last, and your title is good—you can have it to keep forever."

I was horrified, but for the sake of the feelings of the over-generous brother, I smiled and took the string in my hand as gracefully as I knew how, and then took an inventory of the dog. He was about the size of an overgrown cat, so poor that he would have been a fair specimen of a skeletonized dog—about the color of Orange county cream, and the expression on his face that of a dog doomed to death on the scaffold. He trembled all the time as though he scented the officers of justice on his track. His back and sides had been scorched until they were the color of toast bread. There was a skin eruption on his neck and breast, and his eyelids were red and swollen, which gave him the appearance of a decided toper.

"I feel a little delicacy in adopting a dog of whose habits I know nothing," I said to Rube. "He may eat lambs or suck eggs, or pilfer, who knows! I'd rather have the entire training of a dog from his infancy; I'd rather choose his habits for him than to let him run the risk of picking up correct ones."

"Oh, the man said he was just as innocent as if he was only a month old! They never did anything with him, but just let him lie in the corner all the time—they wanted to keep him innocent, you see. W'y, he's just like a sheet o' white paper that nobody's ever written on at all; you can fill out the blanks to suit yourself," said poor Rube, believing that he was advancing an incontrovertible argument.

I stuffed my handkerchief in my mouth and turned away a minute. What did I want of such a very innocent dog—I wouldn't let him proceed in his innocent career! I wouldn't let any dog lie in my corner in such inglorious ease; but, looking up into the eager face that was scanning mine, I said, "Well, if Nan Coulter could marry George Crouse, and make of him a man to suit her mind, I can take this wishy-washy little laddie, and no doubt mould him over into a noble dog." So I tied him to the wood box, and made him a nest, gave him supper, and then, before I retired, I spread a stable-blanket all over him, and tucked it in about the edges, and chucked the little ear under the chin and told him "Good-night, boy," and left him to pleasant dreams.

The next morning I set him a plate of broken victuals, and while he was in the full enjoyment of his luxurious repast, Steven Cook came round the corner on a jolly trot, and saw Laddie for the first time.

I don't know what thought of jealousy filled that dog's bosom, but with a vicious yell, that seemed to say, "Traitor! villain! interloper! demon!" he sprang at the little stranger and seized him by the throat and shook him terribly. The puppy waited out in a voice pitiful as a baby's, but Steve's vigorous shaking broke the cry into a series of yelps. I ran to the door as soon as I knew what was the matter. The little dog was standing on his hind-legs, with his back up against the wood-box, and his paws were raised, it seemed pleadingly. The foe had come upon him so suddenly that he was not prepared,

and a nice little meaty-bone was sticking out of his mouth like a cigar. He cut a very sorry figure. I took Cook by the tail and assisted him to a more favorable and less dangerous position, and then, in no very measured terms, invited him to retire.

I felt of Laddie and found one leg limp and useless, and full of pain. I untied his string and invited him to partake of the hospitality of a farmer's kitchen, but, with a cry that seemed to say, "Oh, no! no! no! there's no place like home and my own cosey corner!" he bounded off the porch, ran round the house and down the street in the direction of his own home.

The last I saw of poor Laddie he was going on a rocking lope on three legs. His destination was miles away, and at the rate he travelled he soon reached it. Poor boy! I think I could have learned to love him, and in time he would no doubt have grown into quite a presentable dog. I should have treated him for mange and been careful about toasting his back and sides, and would have endeavored to restore his general health.

Since then I treat Steven Cook, dog, kindly, but coolly. I rarely smile upon him, and only touch him with the tips of my fingers. I call him "sir," where I used to say "nephew" or "son." If he so forgot his doghood and his principles as to abuse a weak little brother, he must be punished—his pride must be touched in a way that he will feel humbled and abased.

GIBSON'S FIRST COMMISSION.—In the course of time I began to sell my drawings to the boys at school, which enabled me to purchase paper and colors. I made no profit, for my prices were small. There was a very amiable boy who was fond of me, and who was so amiable as always to admire my drawings. His father had presented him with a new prayer-book, beautifully bound; this gift, with sixpence from his mother, was for good conduct at school. The boy said to me, "Gibson, you know how much I like your drawings; if you will make me one in colors for the new prayer-book, I will give you the sixpence." At that time there was a fine print of Napoleon crossing the Alps, from David's picture, in one of the shop windows, which I had already copied in my peculiar way. I showed my copy to my patron; he was charmed, and commissioned me to repeat the subject as a frontispiece to his prayer-book. It was executed in bright colors, and he paid me the sixpence—the largest sum I had yet received for a work of art.

JUSTICE seems most agreeable to the nature of the Deity, and mercy to that of man. A Being, who has nothing to pardon in himself, may reward every man according to his works; but he, whose very best actions must be seen with grains of allowance, cannot be too mild, moderate, and forgiving—for this reason, amongst all the monstrosities in human nature, there is none so odious, nor indeed so exquisitely ridiculous, as that of a rigid, severe temper in a worthless man.

EDWARD BULWER, LORD LYTON.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

MANY articles have appeared, both in the English and American periodicals, commemorative of this illustrious man, and his character as novelist, dramatist, poet, philosopher and statesman would seem to have been thoroughly discussed. Some of these articles, however, were such extravagant panegyrics as to be nearly worthless for purposes of criticism; others were as unjust as the first were generous, and treated their subject as a mere literary charlatan, with no claims whatever to exceptional talent or genius; while a few, and only a few, judged the dead man and his writings impartially.

Since so much has been written, then, on this theme, by abler and wiser pens, it may well be asked what we can have to say either new or interesting. Nothing, perhaps; and yet the effect an author has upon different minds is worth preserving; for, as we all know, individual judgments make up popular opinion, and however mistaken that may be at times, it is the final test by which real worth in literature is tried and determined.

Bulwer—for by that name he is best known to American readers at least—was born in the year 1805, in the county of Norfolk, England. Of his father we hear little; but his mother was a woman of remarkable energy, and to her, as he himself tells us, he owed his taste for literary pursuits. She was his first guide and his earliest critic, and no passage in his writings touches us more deeply than those wherein he testifies to the beauty and unselfishness of her character. Whatever else is false or artificial, they have the ring of truth and honesty, and for once we feel that his written words spring right from the heart, and are not governed altogether by cold and formal rules.

Perhaps Bulwer clung to his mother's memory the more tenderly from the fact that he made a most unhappy marriage. Upon whose side the fault lay in the domestic difficulties that ensued, we know not, but Lady Lytton's course after separating from her husband was not certainly that of a pure-hearted, delicate-minded woman. She wrote novels merely for the purpose of satirizing Bulwer and his friends, accused him publicly of all sorts of meanness and cruelty, and even turned his personal defects into a subject of ridicule. To this he replied nothing, and his silence, when contrasted with her noisy denunciations, wins not only respect but sympathy.

The only surviving issue of this marriage is a son, now forty-two years old, well known both in England and this country by the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," the author of "Lucile" and other poems, and a rising diplomatist. He was attaché to the British Legation in Washington when his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, Lord Lytton's elder brother, was ambassador; and his political successes, though dif-

ferent from his father's, are none the less remarkable.

Bulwer's first appearance in literature was in the character of a poet, and we learn from one of his biographers that he commenced writing verses at the early age of six years. In 1826 he published two books, one entitled, "Weeds and Wild-Flowers," the other, "O'Neil; or, The Rebel;" both containing rhymes and sentiments weakly imitative of Byron's, and neither destined to attract any notice from the public. The next year "Falkland" appeared, his first, and without doubt his worst, novel. He himself characterized it as the "crude and passionate performance of a mere boy," and omitted it from the edition of his collected works.

That Bulwer was not discouraged by these repeated failures, shows what patience and perseverance were in the man, and in reviewing his career we are chiefly struck by the predominance of these two qualities. All his success, either as author or politician, was due to laborious study and self-culture, and this is the more commendable when we remember that he never enjoyed robust health, and possessed an ample fortune that placed him above the necessity of toil.

The publication of "Pelham" followed that of "Falkland," and was a great improvement upon its predecessor. Afterward, in quick succession, came "Devereux" and "Paul Clifford," and from that time Bulwer's popularity was assured. He wrote in all twenty-three novels, and many of these were translated into German, French, Italian and Spanish, and were perhaps more widely read than those of any other author, if we except Scott, Dickens and Thackeray. But a short time previous to his death he received one hundred thousand dollars from a London publisher for the privilege of publishing a cheap edition of his works.

Besides his novels, Bulwer wrote seven dramas, the best known of which are the "Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," and "Money;" and it is remarkable that here again he persisted, in spite of failure at first, and fairly won the success that critics thought impossible.

But he was not satisfied with these achievements, and in his "Athens" produced a history worthy of the praise bestowed upon it; and apparently resolved to pluck laurels in every field of literature, wrote essays that have been compared to those of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, translated into English verse the German of Schiller and the Latin of Horace, published a satire, "The New Timon," bitter but powerful, and other poems that, though wanting in the divine afflatus, are at least creditable performances.

We are surprised, in counting up his works, to learn that he wrote but three hours a day, and can

well believe that during that time he put forth his whole strength. For it is certain that Bulwer extracted from his intellectual faculties all that they were worth, and executed whatever he attempted in a thoroughly workman-like manner. In reading Thackeray, one feels that there is a reserve of power, and that the author could have done better if he had tried, and this is the case with some of George Eliot's writings, and others we could mention; but not so with Bulwer, for he always gives us his best, and we are made to realize it.

And yet, to our mind, there is no comparison possible between him and Thackeray, or George Eliot, or Dickens, for that touch of nature which made the whole world kin to them was lacking in him, and his creations beside theirs seem like fancy studies rather than real ones. We are impressed, it is true, by their remarkable cleverness, but that electric flash which stimulates the mind and thrills the soul, suggesting rather than revealing thought, never vivifies his pages, or leads us to mistake art for reality. His figures are carefully drawn, and bear a marvellous resemblance to life, yet their artificial and unsubstantial nature is at once detected, and they remain to us simple abstractions rather than typical human beings. We are not moved by their joys or sorrows, our self-consciousness is never lost in theirs, and though perhaps as real as many people in everyday life, whom to meet is to forget, no distinct impression of their individuality is stamped upon the mind. The mechanical perfection of his work actually interferes with our enjoyment of it, and the ingenuity displayed in the arrangement of scenes and characters is carried so far as to divert the attention from the spirit of his conceptions to their form.

And this leads us to the consideration of Bulwer's merits as an artist. His writings have been highly extolled for their beauty of structure and details, and the studied harmony of their parts; but his art, as we think, lacks one essential, it proceeds from the head, not the heart, and true greatness cannot be achieved, Ruskin tells us, unless the two work together. True, there are those who hold a contrary opinion, and contend that art is a product of the brain, and has nothing to do with moral purpose; but do not the immortal masterpieces that have come down to us through the ages bear a different testimony? Is it the manner in which the work is done, or what the work itself represents, the nobleness of the truths it discloses and the emotions it awakens, that determines its value? Is not the greatest artist he who embodies the greatest number of the greatest ideas, and is Bulwer entitled to the first rank if tried by this standard? We are willing to admit that he had splendid intellectual abilities, and a literary skill that had been cultivated to the highest point of excellence; but something else is needed to constitute genius, and creative thought is that alone whose circles grow wider and wider until swallowed up in the ocean of eternity.

Bulwer's materials were not original, but he com-

bined them judiciously, and the effects he produced were often admirable. His novels are far above the average mass of fiction, and show in many respects a degree of talent only a little less than genius. And though the sentiments advanced in his earlier ones are often objectionable, the productions of his riper years are not thus disfigured, and show a marked improvement both in their moral tone and views of life. Their wisdom and philosophy, it is true, are of a worldly kind, but not for that reason to be despised; and are valuable at least as being founded upon shrewd practical knowledge.

The pedantic speeches and metaphysical dissertations introduced in "The Caxtons," and the facility with which infidelity and vice are eradicated by these means and the young made to see the error of their ways, are perhaps a little tiresome and withal unnatural, yet the story itself is worked out with power, and has been justly considered one of Bulwer's greatest. That it was modelled after Sterne's "Tristram Shandy" was not disputed even by the author, and that the copy falls below its original we think is equally evident. Both works have humor, but in one it is always sustained and harmonious, in the other often absurd and commonplace. Sterne united the eccentric and lovable, and formed a perfect whole; but this was impossible to Bulwer, for he lacked that penetrative imagination which is the accompaniment, if not the sign, of genius. The Shandys, with their foibles and virtues, are as immortal as Pickwick, or Sam Weller; the Caxtons, though worthy and amiable, have a lease of life that is at best uncertain.

Notwithstanding these defects, however, the novel is so good that we are surprised it does not impress us more deeply, and hardly know, upon finishing it, whether the fault is in the author or ourselves. Compared with the ordinary run of fiction it ranks high, and only needed a few touches, perhaps, to place it among those works that forever remain a permanent delight. But those touches involved the possession of an insight into the springs of human character, and a sympathy with human needs, that Bulwer's study and culture were powerless to bestow.

"My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" are distinguished by the same excellencies, and marked by the same errors as "The Caxtons." They all belong to the ripest period of Bulwer's development as a novelist, and contain the results of varied study and experience. Something more than a casual perusal is needed to get at their full meaning, and though the thoughts presented are not absolutely new they are at least worthy of careful attention.

Among his earlier productions, "Rienzi" and the "Last Days of Pompeii" charm us most. The subjects were suited to his romantic turn of mind, and he was farther assisted to treat them successfully by an extensive acquaintance with Greek and Egyptian learning. He performed his task admirably, and produced works that are, in the true sense of the word, romances, and that, even though exaggerated in tone and sentiment, fascinate us by the spell of

that past whose reality seems to us now like a poetic dream. It may be, as some have said, that the pictures are not drawn with the fidelity of a historian, and that what seems so grand and magnificent is in fact a splendid sham, but we have no wish to penetrate the illusion, if illusion it be, and are content to admire and wonder as in the fairy tales that amused our childhood.

Perhaps no novelist has tried so many different methods of construction, or chosen such diverse subjects, as Bulwer. In what we believe to be his latest effort of the kind, "A Strange Story," he appeals to that love of the supernatural which lurks in human nature, and though repressed in civilized man is never annihilated, as the fantastic beliefs that occasionally spring into existence, even in our own day, testify. But he was not satisfied to leave the mysterious in that dim light where it can alone be seen to advantage, and by pushing it into the broad glare of day destroyed its effect, and rendered what he meant to be awe-inspiring simply ridiculous. In this respect how far inferior he is to our own Hawthorne who, by a single touch, can evoke such haunting visions as curdle the blood and thrill the very soul with terror. Hawthorne, however, was a man of powerful imagination, and as unlike Bulwer as possible, both in mental and moral characteristics.

That Bulwer's fame will rest chiefly upon his novels we think is certain. Not but what he performed meritorious work as a dramatist, historian, essayist, translator and poet, and was enabled by his polished intellect and cultivated taste to do himself justice in these various roles; this we readily admit, but hold to our opinion that it was his culture, and not a special aptitude for either, that produced this result. The natural bent of his mind was toward novel-writing, and the success he won in that department of literature is what will determine his future greatness and claims to immortality.

Of his political career we can only speak briefly. Nearly every one knows that he made a miserable failure upon his first appearance as a public speaker before the House of Commons, and it is characteristic of the man that he was not discouraged by that defeat, but retrieved it thirty years afterward, and gained by one stroke the name and fame of an orator. His triumph was the greater that he withdrew during all those years from parliamentary life, and, so far as the public knew, had no intervening training or practice. Add to this that his elocution was wretched, his voice weak and thin, his gestures artificial and constrained; that he was slightly deaf, and in personal appearance spare and attenuated, and one begins to understand, upon counting up these disadvantages, what force and energy and persistence were needed to overcome them.

There is something almost heroic in Bulwer's perseverance, his apparent resolve to make the best of his gifts and reach the highest point of which his nature was capable, and whether it sprang from ambition or purer motives, it furnishes a lesson that we should all do well to ponder. No easy successes

were his; he worked, and worked bravely, not skimming over the surface of things, but delving to the bottom of them; and the secret of his versatility lies in the fact that he threw his whole strength into whatever he did, and was only spurred to nobler efforts by failure and discouragement.

One thing only he lacked, and was it not, as Dr. Holland says, a heart? Would not a touch of love—universal love—toward God and man, have transmuted his gifts into genius? Is it not certain that he who looks down upon humanity from the egotistic height of self-consciousness, refusing to enter into its trials and troubles, cannot touch the heart, though he may dazzle the brain?

GIRGENTI AND ITS TEMPLES.

BY C.

ON the Island of Sicily, the City of Girgenti (the ancient Agrigentum) is famous for the remains of its many temples, and for its imposing external appearance. It is on the slope of a mountain twelve hundred feet above the sea, which it faces, being distant from it about three miles. It has many public buildings, a cathedral of the thirteenth century, many churches and convents, and some antiquities and treasures of art, but its temples attract the most attention and interest.

Agrigentum was much renowned among the ancients. Different stories are told of its foundation; among which is the fabulous tale, that Dedalus, who fled to Sicily from the resentment of Minos, erected it. Its situation was peculiarly strong and imposing, standing as it did on a bare and precipitous rock. Its soil was fertile, and its wealth became very great. It was the second city in Sicily, and surpassed in grandeur of appearance, on account of its many temples and splendid public buildings, most of its contemporaries.

The extensive remains of the ancient city are east of the modern town, where the temples are mostly situated. The magnificent Temple of Concord is the most perfect existing structure of early Greek architecture. It is remarkable for the grandeur of its design. Its roof is supported by six immense pillars on each of its four sides, and ornamented with admirable sculpture. The Temple of Jupiter Olympus vied in size and magnificence with the finest buildings of Greece. It was 370 feet long, 182 wide and 120 high, the foundation not being included, which was itself remarkable for the immense arches upon which it stood. There were also the beautiful temples of Minerva, of Jupiter Atabyria, of Hercules, of Juno, of Vulcan, of Castor and Pollux, and many others. Near the city was an artificial lake, cut out of the solid rock, about a mile in circuit, and thirty feet deep, from which fish were obtained in abundance for the public feasts. This pond has since become a remarkably fruitful vineyard. Both the temples and the lake were the work of Carthaginian captives. The people, noted for their luxurious and extravagant habits, fell with little resistance under the power of the Romans.

DUNELLEN, NEW JERSEY.

CROOKED PLACES.

A STORY OF STRUGGLES AND HOPES.

BY EDWARD GARRETT,

*Author of "Occupations of a Retired Life," "Premiums Paid to Experience," etc.*PART IV.—MILlicENT'S ROMANCE, AND
WHAT IT WAS MADE OF.

CHAPTER XIII.—MILlicENT'S WAYS.

ALL those years Mrs. Harvey, Miss Brook and Milly had still continued to live in the same pretty, leaf-covered cottage, which they had taken in the early days of George's prosperity. It was much prettier now. They had never spent much upon it. But very small spendings for many years fast accumulate in beauty and comfort. And Milly's taste was never idle, and her mother's fingers were always busy. And now that the family had grown so small, there was room for elegance of arrangement, and there were a little dining-room and drawing-room, and each had a chamber to herself. Milly had the largest, with a big closet off it, because she made it serve as a studio as well. Mrs. Harvey had the one with a western window.

It was a very pleasant, peaceful home. The old ladies seldom went out, except to George's or Harriet's, but Milly's professional life kept the house astir with plenty of interest and excitement. Her mother and Miss Brook enjoyed it more than she did herself.

For the bright, fragile girl had developed into a pale, keen-eyed woman. Strangers thought that she must be very delicate; but, in truth, she had the high-bred strength of a fine tempered blade. Altogether, Milly was not unlike a swift, sharp sword.

Her habits were much the same as they had always been. She had never been a notably early riser, like Hatty, but still she was always punctual at the breakfast-table, as scrupulously neat in her attire as when she was going out to dine. Nay, more so; for Milly's personal neatness could never pass a certain point, and always failed where details grew elaborate. That was one sign of her impatience.

There was a little shelf at her bedside, filled with the quaint devotional books that were still her favorite religious reading. Perhaps, if anything were omitted from her daily orisons, it might be the Bible itself rather than these. Perhaps, because in it she was left free to choose, instead of a passage being marked hard and fast for each day. But if Milly omitted the Bible occasionally from her morning and evening devotions, she studied it earnestly at other times. She almost knew the Psalms by heart, and even the book of Job, and some of the minor prophets. In her Bible the Old Testament was much more worn than the New.

Her professional work seldom occupied her more than four or five hours a day, often not so much. She was a rapid worker, one who was accustomed to say, "that if she was not doing a thing quickly, she

knew she was not doing it well." She made no scruple of speaking about her methods, for she was wholly devoid of that professional humility which is often masked conceit. She did not work constantly, but with frequent intermissions, varying from a single day to a whole month. Her own explanation was that she "waited" for new ideas. "When I have done all that is in me, I stop till more comes in," she said.

"Do you feel it coming?" people would ask her.

"No," she replied, with a mysterious half-smile. "There is no need to watch the pitcher at the well; it is time enough to move it when it brims. All of a sudden I want to go to work again; and then I go."

"And you have not been thinking about it all the time?" they would inquire.

"No," she said. "At least, if I do, I have to wait just twice as long."

"Arn't you frightened lest it should not come?" said some.

"I should be if I could help it," she answered. "But it does not depend on me."

And that faith of Milly's always seemed to Mrs. Harvey to be the best part of her daughter's special inheritance. It was like a parent's letter sent with a birthday present. It was the very hand of God conveying his gift. And we cannot see all of any blessing that we have, unless we see also the hand that holds it. Mrs. Harvey herself secretly confessed to some slight uneasiness, when Milly first indulged in these intermissions of labor, which was almost immediately after the household became mainly dependent upon her exertions. For, though George still persisted in his allowance to his mother, Milly, in her turn, proudly insisted on returning him as much as she could, in presents to his little Robert, so named after his wife's uncle, and his own first benefactor. But Mrs. Harvey presently learned that there are still barrels of meal and cruets of oil that do not fail. It inspired her with confidence to find that her daughter looked upon these snatches of leisure with calm delight, and planned little pleasures to occupy them. But even when Mrs. Harvey shared her daughter's faith she never ceased to wonder at and admire it. It was a comfort to her for Milly's own sake. For Milly seemed to trust herself rather than God in so many things.

Milly still continued fond of needlework. But when Mrs. Harvey ceased to be a bread-winner, she took the family mending upon herself, and Milly now entirely eschewed all repairing, altering, or trimming. In honest truth, her mother even mended her gloves, and sewed on her straying but-

tons. But whenever her new white work was needed, especially if the seams were long and the material tough, Milly took it in her charge and got it done in an incredibly short space of time.

She never dabbled in household matters, as they arose day by day. In "spring-cleanings" Milly would give herself up for a week, as if there were no such thing in the world as art, and as if she had wielded brushes and spied out "corners" every day of her life. But once the house was set straight again, she retired into her own duties, oblivious of all beside them. She would wait for her mother to make tea or order dinner with quite masculine helplessness. Yet when her mother went away for a week to stay with Christian, she guided the house well, and Mrs. Harvey found nothing neglected during her absence. She was not an useless woman, but an absorbed one, who could set herself aside for a time, but could not bear to be broken in upon. She could make her own little crosses of spiritual discipline after her own ideal, but shirked those which God makes for each of us, and puts where we are sure to find them, unless we turn out of our way to avoid them. It would have been easier for Milly to wear sackcloth, or to fast utterly on certain self-appointed days, than to bear with good humor an unexpectedly spoiled dinner or an accidentally torn dress. Perhaps she was no wiser than those housewives who shut out the healthy fresh air lest its current should raise the dust! It might be that Hatty was somewhat right when she said to her husband, and in her abrupt, off-hand way: "If our Milly would sometimes infuse the tea, and go to market, she would find there is something else in the world beside those Lauries."

Milly kept up a pleasant chatter with her mother and Miss Brook, and many strangers would have thought her an unreserved woman. But her mother, at any rate, knew better. Milly's life and heart were large, and had many open chambers, some free to all, others cheerily open to those she loved. But her mother knew that there were many unaccounted-for spaces among the windings of her daughter's experience.

Milly received and paid many visits, and had a wide circle of acquaintance. But there were very few who rose above this level. Milly herself was in the habit of saying "that she had not patience with people." Clearly she did not cultivate it. Where she had no affectionate prejudice she was quick to see faults and unsparing to condemn them.

"She can't take folks as she finds them," Hatty would say. "She makes their characters out of her own head, and when they don't fit she just throws them away."

The few people who did get near Milly's heart were a strange jumble. She and Miss Brook were always sparring, but Miss Brook's voice was in all Milly's thoughts, and one light would die off Milly's world whenever her keen eyes were withdrawn.

Milly did not care much for David Maxwell. He was somebody who might be always invited when

there were visitors, and he would never feel himself neglected if other people had to be entertained, and would be sure to entertain anybody else in danger of feeling neglected. Milly always said that "Mr. Maxwell was very kind." But she had never "made up" any character for David. Such of his early history as she knew had repelled rather than interested her. It did not clearly manifest those lines of independence, and struggle, and daring, to which Milly's sympathies ran. Its manifold virtues were rather patience and submission, which were set down in Milly's secret heart as rather poor things, the resort of those who had nowhere else to go. Then the ugly rumor in the old local paper, which Milly would never have happened to see if Fergus Laurie had not shown it, with a hinting explanation, would return upon her mind sometimes, like a nameless horror between her and David, and give her an almost physical shrinking.

But Milly enjoyed Phoebe Winter. Her voice at the back door, discussing some kitchen loan, or other business, would always bring Milly down from her studio. Milly called her "a grand type," and revelled in her old-world shrewdness and dogged loyalty. It was perhaps a proof how much Milly's faith in ideals was, after all, as George had once warned her, rather a faith in her own opinion, that she never thought the more highly of David Maxwell for Phoebe's great love and belief in him. She only delighted in the love and belief as part of Phoebe's own character.

Perhaps Milly's nearest friend was her sister-in-law, Christian, with whom she had much more in common than with her own Sister Hatty. In this she was under the disadvantage which every maiden has, in friendship with a wife, especially a happy one—the idle heart claiming something more than the busy heart has left in its power to give. Yet Millicent was unusually fortunate in Christian, who, though she kept a lover's romance in her wisely affection, and was a very madonna whenever she looked at her boy—nay, rather because of this—was still never a mere "married woman," but had a strong, sweet individuality of her own, which the influence of husband and child only raised and softened, as saints' names give human interest to churches sacred to far higher worship. Millicent had always been free from any taint of small sister-in-law jealousy, and now she felt that she loved and knew her brother far better in Christian than she could ever have done without her.

Christian herself had a growing love for Millicent, and enjoyed far more of her confidence than Millicent guessed. In their talks over fiction and politics, poetry and pictures, Christian always felt when Millicent was giving out her very self, could always detect whether the blood of a thought came from the head or the heart. Out of her own full, happy married life, Christian Harvey pitied Millicent, not for her maidenhood—Christian had no "married woman's" pity for that, but would even tell George sometimes, with a smile dying into gentle gravity,

that she was sure she would have made a very happy old maid herself, if he would have left her alone! But she pitied Millicent for her overflowing heart, sealed up, and for all the pathetic heresies with which she tried to make herself believe that this was best. She felt that Millicent was like a foolish miser storing gold in a bottomless well, while lives around were famishing for lack of a single coin, and thinking himself rich only to find some day that he was as poor as the poorest. She would try to give Milly suggestive warnings, just as kindly physicians may strive to convey wholesome hints about sufferings that are not absolutely presented for their cure. But Millicent's intuitions were almost as quick as her own, and she so proudly shrank into herself, that it was precisely the point where Christian could have helped her most that she withheld from Christian.

But Millicent had still some confidants, who poured out their souls to her without any limit. Not Fergus Laurie. Limits there had always been to his confidence, and now it had nothing but limits. He still liked to talk with her, but it was very much "a talk of the lips." But she kept her faith in the sacred secrets of the heart that was all shut up now. She would not defend much that others blamed in him—his arrogance, his recklessness, the high-handed, forgetful spirit that so often brought inconvenience to others and loss to himself. But the woman who was generally so impatient, was patient here.

"I know him," she would say. "Everybody has faults, and his are just the faults that everybody is severe upon. You all have patience with the helpless, and the ne'er-do-wells; you all stand still to pick up the man who has tumbled down, and to heal his scars. Let me trust in the man who tumbles up, and let me at least pity the scars which his reserved and sensitive spirit hides unhealed."

"I should think it was the will of God, for it seems a beautiful idea, and a sweet softening in Milly," said poor Mrs. Harvey to Miss Brook, "only it does not grow in her. It stays just there. When patience and pity begin, anyhow they generally spread."

"This isn't patience or pity," retorted Miss Brook. "It's just pride. But it isn't the worst kind."

No. Fergus Laurie had ceased to be Milly's familiar friend, in the old, pleasant way. The freshest breeze that now blew into her guarded life, came from the lives of her sister's step-children.

The Webbers' home was quite uncommon, because it was directly matter-of-fact. It was a very comfortable, well-to-do home, but all affectation was left outside the door. Artistic taste might have scorned every detail of that house, but the best artists would have loved the whole. It was a jovial place, where one might put everything to the use it was intended, and where nothing was too good to wear out, but had a curious trick of improving in the process. How the bright big-patterned carpets had horrified Millicent, and drawn forth sneering jests from Mr. Laurie and his sister! Yet how handsome and respectable they looked, when the bustle of active feet had toned

their hues and melted down their lines! But, perhaps, the peculiar style and spirit of the house is best revealed by the fact, that the boys' friends delighted to frequent it, and that those who elsewhere seemed all arms and legs, shyness and titter, astonished themselves and everybody else by appearing respectable members of society in Mrs. Webber's "sitting-room."

The young people all adored their step mother, and hung about her in all her rapid busy ways. The worst of Hatty was, that her immense capacities of loving service seemed to leave her no leisure to be served by love. All their affection had to be concentrated in the morning and evening kiss, an occasional five minute's hand-clasp in the twilight, and a yearly birthday present. And so they paid her vicariously, by pouring out the love she awoke, on others whom she loved—"dear Grannie" and "Aunt Millicent."

Yes, it was really to Hatty's lowly, loving ways that Milly owed the bright, wholesome affection of these lads and lass. She would never have won it for herself—nay, her absorbed heart scarcely knew that it was worth the winning. She would have often preferred a solitary walk, to their volunteered companionship, while their eager confidences, the hopes and dreams of their young lives, seldom seemed to her really worth the smile or the sigh which she gave them.

Milly was a great walker. Hatty took her exercise chiefly "running in and out," as she called it, bargaining in the market, looking up sick neighbors, slipping round for a half-hour's chat with Mrs. Harvey. Mr. Webber was not a walking man. His wife said he stood too much in the shop, to care for anything but sitting down when he was out of it. Once or twice a year Hatty would dress herself ceremoniously, and go with Milly for a long walk. It was a true test of the healthfulness of her general "running in and out" exercise, that Milly, the pedestrian, never outwalked her. On her return from these excursions, Hatty would confide to whoever came nearest.

"I've enjoyed myself very much. Milly and I always talk more freely walking side by side than sitting opposite each other. But it is one thing for me to enjoy myself walking with her, and it is quite another to understand how she enjoys flying along by herself, as she does—just up one way and down another, as if she was hunting something."

It was a touching revelation, that as her brother George had walked and wandered in the days of his restless, yearning youth, so his sister Millicent walked and wandered in her middle age.

For Milly was middle-aged now, and knew it, and ached wearily as she knew it. Happy women do not sigh to know their youth is past. The blossom is better than the bud. But if the bud has never blossomed?

People would turn to look at Milly as she passed them in her lonely walks. She went so swift and straight that they wondered where she was going,

and what she was going to do. But she was going nowhere, and to do nothing, except to turn back at an appointed time!

CHAPTER XIV.

A PAIN AND A DOUBT.

NOBODY ever knew anything about Milly's business transactions. She never talked them over. She never asked advice. Mrs. Harvey herself had always shrunk from pointed inquiry, feeling, from her own experience, that the burden of responsibility is often increased by the lightest touch, and that some hard things that must be done are easier to do in silence. Latterly—that is to say, for years past—she had been silent and uninquiring, out of utter satisfaction and content, just as in the earlier and prosperous years of her married life.

But at last Christian began to detect in Milly a dependency that was quite a new thing. Sundry extreme economies, long laid by, began to reappear. Not any that touched her mother or the home, but Millicent wore her gloves shabbier, and bought no new dresses. She spoke more tenderly of failing people, whose work was not quite what it had been, but was still strong on the truth that they should be ready to acknowledge the fact, nor feel wronged when they were put aside. Once, when Christian accidentally entered Milly's studio, she found her practising the old humble kind of work she had done in her early girlhood. Milly thrust it out of sight, and nothing was said on the subject.

The fact was, business matters had not been going quite brightly between Millicent and Fergus Laurie. He had reduced the payment for several of her last designs, saying that their success had not been what he had expected, vaguely hinting at certain losses as if they had been incurred through these. Then his orders had come at farther intervals. But when Milly ventured to tell him, what had happened often before, but had hitherto been passed over in silence, that the old firm of his former masters had been looking her up, and inquiring if her hands were still too full to do anything for them, this was the response she got: "Ah, they are wanting something cheap! But your real friends feel that you need the repose which brings fresh ideas, rather than to go slaving on in the old groove, Miss Millicent. Don't have anything to say to those people."

And Milly obeyed, but with sundry puzzled, painful reflections as to what was hidden under the phrase of her "needing repose."

She thought she needed no further explanation when another new discovery of David's was put before the world, not this time in her designs, but in those of a young lady, upon whose head Mr. Laurie heaped the praises he had once showered upon herself, with the addition that this artist worked *con amore*, being wealthy, and having no mercenary needs mingling in her ambition to soil and impoverish it.

On the same evening that Millicent heard all this,

sitting in the splendid drawing room of Acre Hall, Robina, chatting, as it seemed, quite naturally over the affairs of some third parties, was full of praises of her brother's tenderness and loyalty of heart, which made him strive "to keep on" *employés* whom anybody else would throw off to sink to lower and sadder levels of work.

That night, Millicent, sitting in her studio, shed some very bitter tears. She said to herself that, after all, like most other failing people, she was not aware of her present falling off, though all the work she had ever done suddenly seemed poor, mean and pretentious. But at any rate—and she shook back her high-bred head till the streaming tears flew right and left—she would be royally proud in her readiness to submit to the judgment of others, in a case where she had so often seen that it was worth so much more than the judgment of the person nearest concerned.

Poor, haughty, humble Millicent! How could she dream that Fergus would have been only too glad to put her drawings into this newest discovery, but that one of his largest creditors claimed this honor for his daughter, the *con-amore* artist, who for all her wealth demanded and obtained, for work which none but a debtor would have taken as a gift, twice the sum which would have satisfied Millicent? How could she, blinded by preconceived partialities, perceive that all Mr. Laurie's praises, past and present, were due not to a work in itself, but as done for him, and issued under his auspices—that Fergus was really scarcely a wiser art-critic than poor old Mr. Smith, of the "Leech-gatherer" order, and not half so simple and honest an one?

But all of a sudden Milly felt that her affectionate gratitude, which she had hitherto so proudly displayed, as if it were the very crown of life, had become a crown of thorns. The fact is, there are very fine lines drawn about gratitude, and it is well that it is so. The higher natures cannot easily be gracefully and contentedly grateful for any relief that comes to them by the pain of another. They can be bountifully grateful for the superior strength that can lift off, and carry readily the burden that was crushing themselves, but if they see that it is also a burden to its new bearer, their first impulse is to snatch it back, crying, "Let me, rather than another, perish under mine own burdens."

This is one reason how it is that so many think they get least gratitude where they seem to have earned most. Noble hearts, such only as are capable of gratitude, would never have allowed themselves to get so deep in debt. The man whom we dare not help, except by a letter of recommendation, which we are ashamed to remember, feels himself indebted to us forever. The other, who allows us to maintain him, shakes off the dust of his feet upon us whenever we at last venture to hint that he may be self-supporting.

Nor can any man be grateful for what is done for him consciously, painfully and with a grudge. Few of us could be made happy by the hospitality of a

host, who kept an account of all we cost him—breakfast, dinner, bed, boots and attendance, just like an inn-keeper, although he never sent in his bill, and only expected us to pay him by an exact return of his civilities! The fact is, we are grateful not so much for what we receive, as for the love or kindness which makes our benefactor feel it a pleasure to give. If any man does not feel it infinitely "more blessed to give than to receive," let him expect no thanks. It is doubtful whether we should weep for a man who died for us, if he claimed our tears as a reward of his sacrifice. The Great Sacrifice of the World, the just who died for the unjust, bade His mourners, "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children."

But poor Milly, sitting there in her darkened chamber, could not think—she could only suffer. Feelings came to her heart, rather than reflection to her head. Now it was a wild wish to repay Fergus for all the kindness he had shown her, and the inconvenience he must have suffered through it. Next it was a stabbing wish that she had found the truth out entirely for herself, instead of receiving it through the Lauries' hints. It would have been so easy to say to Fergus, "My powers have disappointed you; let me go," and all his kindness, and all her gratitude could have gone with her, stainless and unflawed, treasures for the rest of life to keep, if not to use. The terrible pity of it was, that Milly felt already they could never be so now. They had received a blow, and at the least touch they would fall to pieces, and however she might afterward gather them up and mend them, they could never again be unbroken.

Other feelings would come. If Fergus were disappointed in her—if he had measured her powers amiss, and put her in places too high for her, had he been really kind to her after all? If in mistake, a man dubs a plain mister "his lordship," has he done him real honor? Milly almost felt as if she had small reason to be grateful to Fergus for taking her from the quiet, regular duties where she had always given boundless satisfaction, and that it was a poor thing to be raised to a pedestal only to be tumbled from it. She caught herself actually calculating that one year with the other, and one chance with another, she might easily have made as large an income with the old firm as she had with Fergus. It was true that she might not have saved as much, for Fergus's times of payment were always so dreadfully uncertain, that while the more improvident of those who worked for him were constantly out-at-elbows and living on borrowed money, Milly, from the experience of her youth, and her hereditary horror of debt, diligently kept down expenses in every way, so as to be forearmed against ever such long periods of waiting, a process which, regularly repeated for many years, had now resulted in a very respectable sum of savings. Out of considerate desire to save troubling Robina Laurie's brother, Milly's one black silk dress had worn out half a score of Robina's.

Then again, if Fergus was sometimes very liberal in his payments, Milly had long since been forced to own to herself that it was under particular conditions. If he had at first given her a higher class of work and paid her more highly for it, he had since paid her absolutely less than she would have got elsewhere. She had not heeded that—she had been glad of it—proud of it—delighted to feel that it was a fitting reward for his kindly faith in a beginner. But now she felt—and despised herself for feeling—that she would like to let Robina know this side of the subject, as well as the side of her brother's magnanimity.

Then again, she knew that Fergus was in the habit of indulging his generosity at the expense of justice, that lately he had been doing two or three showily magnificent liberalities, while she herself was very wearily waiting for her rightful payment. Once or twice, against her will, she had actually caught herself wondering if anybody—and who—had suffered in the long-ago days when her own receipts were always prompt and ample. Little did she guess the light that David Maxwell could have thrown on this question!

These shadows had flitted across her mind sometimes, just now, and then, and only for a moment. Now they mustered in force. But the old, wilful, womanly faith, roused itself from fainting, and gathered itself up to repel them. They seemed mean and paltry and below it, and it would drive them down and banish them as was fit. It was surely but the shadow of her disappointment in herself which was darkening over Fergus. Better to think one's sight is wrong than that the sun is growing black!

There are senses in which Millicent was both right and wrong. Common sense is one of the best of things, but there are grander things than it is. There are times when its dictates are the dictates of the devil. Poor Don Quixote appears a fool beside his Sancho Panza, but that is because he is wasting his knightliness in Sancho's proper domain of windmills and kitchen wenches. On Don Quixote's own level of daring and sacrifice, Sancho would be not only ridiculous, but contemptible into the bargain. Which would you prefer to be within ear-shot, if you were really a distressed damsel in extreme danger? But the mischief is—and it is a mischief—that Don Quixote will waste his heroisms on the windmills!

And so, all Milly's pain and doubt and bitterness ended in a conclusion and a wish. A conclusion that it was Robina and not Fergus himself, who made gratitude galling. And a wish to make some return, which without effacing her own gratitude—to which she clung like a drowning mariner to his last spar—should make Fergus grateful to her, and set them both once more on a noble equality, to be friends as they used to be!

So little did she know what it really was that had come between them!

CHAPTER XV.

A WOMAN'S GRATITUDE.

BUT at last, as the complications of "Laurie & Co." thickened and deepened, the creditors began to watch the business so carefully, that Fergus Laurie could snatch from it no more than barely sufficed to keep the wolves of last year at bay, while those of the present were clamoring at the door. The firm still kept up in respectable working order. Its creditors took care of that, for it was their only chance of repaying themselves. It was Fergus's private income alone which came to a dead lock. He was still deriving a tolerable sum from the business, but what was any sum with limits to a man who had launched into extravagance on borrowed money, and extricated himself from one loan after another, by contracting new and larger ones, at higher and higher interest?

One expedient by which he had often kept a little ready money in hand, was to defer the payment of those who worked for him, more especially those who were on friendly and trustful terms. Some of his people, with small means and heavy charges, had been driven to ask payment. They did it very reluctantly. He had held forth such brilliant pictures of his idea of the relation of employer and employed, that they absolutely forgot they had never derived any benefit therefrom. And if they forgot, how much more did he! Fergus's mind grew sore with his constant reflections on ingratitude.

Fergus had a special grievance against David Maxwell. David's minimum salary was in arrear, and he had received absolutely no bonus for the last twelve months. David had said nothing about this, and had not asked for any money for himself. But Fergus's old friend and faithful coadjutor had committed what Fergus held to be unpardonable sin. He could and did easily forgive some of the more thrifless of his people, who asked for money before they had earned it, and these often got it from him, while the others went without. He liked their "trust" in him; and to pay money that was not earned, in a dashing, unledger-like fashion, fostered the sense of magnificent autocracy, into which all Fergus's ambitions had finally resolved themselves. Paying what was due was a humdrum affair. Everybody did that!

But David, though kept in profound ignorance of all the larger concerns of Laurie & Co., could guess at something, by such fragments as from time to time accidentally dropped before him. And David would constantly remind Fergus that it was the date to pay this one or that one; nay, in cases where the people were elderly, needy or unprotected, would so press the matter that Fergus could not shirk it without a plainer statement than it suited his pride to make. It was David's constant hints which had long kept Millicent's accounts from falling into hopeless arrear and confusion.

But, as the rude old saying has it, "one cannot get more from a cat than her skin;" and when there was positively no money in Fergus's hands (not even to

pay Robina's dressmaker), David's hints on even this matter became ineffectual. Only the higher Millicent's debt rose, the more Fergus insinuated and insisted on the gratitude due from her to himself, the more he criticized her work, and the less he gave her of it.

Millicent writhed in secret tortures. If she could only recompense Fergus for the loss, which, rightly or wrongly, he and his family seemed to feel he had incurred through "taking her up," she would go forth happily, and earn her bread cheerfully elsewhere, wherever she could find it.

A chance remark developed in her an idea on the subject. Somebody said—it was the wife of a wealthy tradesman in the neighborhood—"that for all the wonderful way Mr. Laurie had got on, he seemed always very short of money—perhaps his business took it all up."

Millicent turned this over in her mind; and it seemed to her that both the fact and the supposition were likely to be well founded.

Then it occurred to her that it might really be in her power to do Fergus a service. The savings of her lifetime amounted to seven or eight hundred pounds, duly invested in the three-per cents. Her family knew she had money there, but they did not know how much. She had not allowed even her brother George to know the fluctuations of her affairs, having a proud fear lest he might at some time want to help her where she could help herself.

Milly knew nothing of the loan still existing between Fergus and her brother-in-law, Webber. She had heard something at the time, but had supposed that it was all settled long ago, as, "of course," all the earlier matters of the firm must be. Hatty had never told her otherwise. Hatty knew how to keep counsel. In her own words, "she might gossip about what she guessed of her own wit; but when she was fairly told anything, she held her tongue."

Millicent thought to herself that she might really oblige Fergus by putting her little fortune at his disposal. She was a sensible woman, and at another time and with another person, would have understood that it could be no particular service to lend him a sum which he could have easily at command, simply by leaving Acre Hall, and living in a way more consistent with his antecedents and means. But pain and grief and pride blinded Millicent.

She had no wish to humiliate Fergus, by letting him think for a moment that she believed he needed the money. She wished to make it appear a mere business transaction, by which she might get a trifle more interest than from her stocks. Millicent was a magnanimous woman, and rejoiced in the hope of repaying something of whatever she might owe for the ease of her own heart, not for the pain of another's. She only hoped to make Fergus think of her, as a serviceable friend, as of old, instead of the burden which she had lately appeared. The moment that her plan formed within her, she said within herself that kindness can never be repaid, and that every

kindness given in return is a new blessing bestowed by the first benefactor.

As she made up her mind to follow out this sudden plan, which seemed to her like an inspiration, the soreness died out of her heart, and she remembered it only as one remembers a fevered dream. Now it felt easy to accept much with which she had been fighting fiercely. After all, what did it matter if her drawings had never come up to the standard which Fergus had set for them. Having done this service in return, it would be quite bearable to go back to the old humble ways of toiling. Life was not in these things—the soul had a history distinct from these. To bind it to them was scarcely less ignoble slavery, than to bind existence to its trappings of dress and furniture—like—poor Robina!

For as she sat at her desk, planning her letter to Mr. Laurie, Millicent could not help thinking of Robina. She could forgive Robina now, for many a sting which had once seemed as if it must rankle forever. Robina had a habit—common to most who know nothing of the real bliss of near ties—of making her relationship to Fergus a vaunt and a taunt to outsiders. Whenever there came forward any of those little questions, whether financial, legal or political, which specially interest women, Robina was addicted to dismiss them from discussion because "they could not matter to her. She had her brother; she need not trouble herself about such things, though it was only natural that other people should do so, who had nobody to look after them." But Milly remembered this now with a smile, and forgave it. Poor Robina! Her idle, selfish life would never enjoy the privilege of offering even such a little service as this to her brother. Millicent thought of her in her heart as "poor Robina," and felt she would be able to bear all the helpless sister's boasts for the future.

She had no fears for the worldly wisdom of what she was doing. Amid all her doubts and anguishes, she still trusted Fergus. And in those events of life and death in which human faith and trustworthiness avail nothing, she felt she was willing and able to take all risk.

Her letter was very brief:

"DEAR MR. LAURIE—Forgive me for troubling you about a little matter of my own private business. I have saved money to the amount of nearly eight hundred pounds. It is now invested in three-percents. But I think I might get a little higher interest. I believe some merchants consent to receive such loans from people at about four or five per cent. Would you do this for me? I do not ask my brother-in-law, Mr. Webber, because I do not like my family to know every up and down of my business life. Their knowledge, and perhaps wish to help me, would be a pain and a burden to me. Will you let me have a speedy answer, as, if you consent, I shall like to make the change as soon as possible.

"Faithfully yours,

"MILlicENT HARVEY."

She put on her bonnet to post the letter herself. As she passed through the little hall, she found her mother dealing with an itinerant flower vendor for groundsel for the canary. The man had some prim-roses and violets at the other end of his basket, and Millicent paused to admire them, and bought a dozen of the tiny bunches. It was a long time since she had spent even such a trifle on pure pleasure. But with her letter in her hand, Millicent Harvey felt rich.

Then she went swiftly down the long, sunny road. She encountered a neighbor whom she had generally passed with a civil nod, but to-day she paused to say something about the bright spring weather.

"It agrees with you, I can see, Miss Harvey," responded the old lady, "for you are looking quite blooming!"

Millicent smiled. She knew it was true. And yet it was only yesterday that somebody else had warned her that she should take great care of herself, she looked so fragile! Millicent's frame was like a transparent sheath—when the sword within was bright, the sheath was illumined.

Two or three hours later, the postman delivered her letter at the counting-house. At the same moment, a servant girl came running up, breathless, with another. The office boy carried them both to Fergus.

Fergus Laurie read them, one after the other. That which was delivered by hand he crumpled up, and tore into twenty pieces. He would need no memoranda to keep its purport in mind. For it was much like this:

"The man has got in. I stayed on guard, as you told me, all the morning, but nobody came. I had only just gone to my room to try on my blue silk when a man came and said his boy had dropped his cap over our wall, and might he look for it; and the donkey of a cook let him in, and here he is. It is no use scolding me. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for leaving me in such a plight, and getting us into such disgrace. The man is smoking, and his vile tobacco poisons me. I do not see why I am to bear these things for you. I am dying.

"Your injured sister,

"ROBINA."

"Is the girl who brought this waiting for an answer?" Fergus inquired of the office-boy, with a coolness as perfect as if it had related only to the hour fixed for dinner.

"Yes, sir," said the lad. "I told her you was busy, but she said she daren't go back without something."

Fergus took up an envelope, and wrote inside:

"Don't die till I return. Take a glass of wine, and go up-stairs and try on your blue silk again. Have not you any *eau-de-cologne* in the house?"

And having dispatched this cynical missive, he perused Millicent's letter.

"There are women and women," he said to himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS.

IT was quite true that Acre Hall had just received a new and very disagreeable tenant—a man in a brown great-coat with frayed sleeves, who said it was thirsty weather, and asked where the beer was kept, and laid a long clay pipe on the beautiful hell table. He was not an unexpected visitor.

One of Fergus Laurie's private creditors had been pressing hard for a long while. He had written half a score of letters, civil and almost kindly in their very sternness. Anybody but Fergus would have seen that the writer meant to carry out his will, and so framed his demand like a request, and did not bluster. But Fergus thought this calmness augured patience, and superbly took no notice, till one day he found that legal processes were commenced, and next, that that sort of domestic barricade was necessary, which so often begins among ormolu and choice wines, to be set up again and again till at last there is nothing behind it but a pawn-ticket and a corpse!

To Fergus the bitterness of the blow lay in the fact that it happened to come from a man whose connection Fergus had scorned, and whose kindness he had slighted in his old lofty days. This was the kind of pang that Fergus really felt. He had grown callous to most but the sting of personal pique.

Fergus was always vaguely expecting a shower of gold to fall and fill the gaping purse of his creditors. The wonderful indomitable hopefulness, which might have been the greatest blessing of his life, had grown into his greatest bane, as great blessings have it in them to grow. Several times things had happened, as he put it, "just as they should," and he had found unexpected ways—though they might not be the cleanest—out of bogs of difficulty.

It seemed to Fergus, standing there with Robina's letter in fragments at his feet, and Millicent's in his hand, that one might be the "providential" solution of the other.

Not that he thought of robbing Millicent of the savings of her patient, laborious life. He expected that something else would happen which would enable him to pay her again, or at least to pay her interest in due course. He felt quite sure that he could get plenty of money from other quarters if he only tried hard enough, and he had a delusion that there were securities in his power to offer. Alas, a man is a poor deceiver if he is not the first person to be deceived by himself!

At that instant, he hastily thrust the letter away, for David came into the room. He looked even unusually quiet and grave. But Fergus could read a knowledge in his eyes and a regret in his voice, which made him say, within himself, as it seemed, inconsequently: "Where would Maxwell be now if it had not been for me?"

"It is more than two months ago since you ought to have paid Miss Harvey, Fergus," David began.

"Well, I know it is," Fergus said, tartly; "but she can wait. She has been too well paid to be in such extreme want of money."

"It is not a question of want of money or no," David went on. "It is a question of justice."

"Well, she cannot be paid now, and that must be the end of it," said Fergus.

"She must be paid," David returned, steadily. "I have just found out what is going on in Acre Hall at this moment. It is known in the office somehow, and I heard it there. After this, there will be sure to be a settlement of everything. At the present time, Millicent Harvey is the only one among those who work for you, whose debt is very considerable. The others have got into the habit of asking you for money, while my representations of her case have lately gone quite unheeded."

"So, this is the end of your friendship, is it?" said Fergus. "To turn upon me in my day of difficulty!"

David's face quivered just for a moment. "I am Millicent Harvey's friend as well as yours, Fergus," he said. "And I am more your friend in this than you think. I want you to do what you will be glad to remember you have done, Fergus."

"How can I pay her?" Fergus asked, restively. "I shall have to borrow money to pay this execution out of the Hall. It is a terrible revelation to find one's friends taking advantage of an awkward shortness of ready money, although there is plenty behind the scenes."

"I will advance you what is needed to pay Miss Harvey," said David. "It is just a hundred and fifty pounds. It can be set down to my account against the firm, and I can wait indefinitely. Call upon her to-night, Laurie, and tell her candidly how things are, and the circumstances under which you cannot give her so much work as formerly, and set her free from all tie to us; and tell her that if she calls here to-morrow, she shall be paid all up. It is the plain truth, Fergus, and you will never repent speaking it. If you will not tell her, Fergus, I will go and tell her myself. I had no idea how bad things were, or I should have said this before. Perhaps I ought to have known, so as to be able to help you to take the brave and right course. If there was any indolence and over-easiness in my ignorance, I hope you will forgive me."

Fergus looked up at David with a bright, eager gaze, and David's heart leaped within him, as he thought that perhaps this time of hard facts and plain speaking might be also a time for the renewing of the old true, open friendship.

But this was the only interpretation of Fergus's eyes.

"Why not lend me this one hundred and fifty to pay out the execution, old friend? The debt is not so much as that. And then whatever measures I would have to take to pay it off, I will take to pay Millicent instead. It will not be so hard to sell something to pay her as to pay that fellow."

David shook his head sadly. "I am but a poor man," he said. "All my means could not extricate you from your difficulties, even if such extrication, by itself, would be any real service to you."

"But I am your old friend, Maxwell," said Fergus. "Why should not you wish to help me, as far as you can, as much as Miss Harvey? Miss Harvey is not in need. She can always be independent; and she has helpful friends. I don't know that I have any—unless it be you."

A faint flush passed swiftly over David's face. Through all those years his old boyish love for Millicent had seemed to linger in his heart, only as the faint perfume of faded flowers lingers in a shut-up room. But now it was as if a door was opened, and the flowers lifted up their heads as the breeze rushed through.

He walked slowly up and down the room.

"I have never said a word to anybody all these years," he said. "Indeed, there is nothing to say. It is only a folly of mine. But I bless God for it, notwithstanding. A man does not ask a woman to marry him if he is sure she would refuse. If I had thought there was the least chance for me, I would have asked Millicent Harvey to be my wife years, and years, and years ago. She is the only woman I ever loved in my life. There, Fergus, old boy, if I did not think of you as of a dearest friend, would I tell you this?"

He held out his hand to Fergus, who put his into it, saying, "I believe you are a good fellow, Maxwell, I know you are. I will see Miss Harvey to-night, or if not to-night, to-morrow. It will all be well again. And though I tell her she need not tie herself down to us, that's no reason why we should not give her so much to do that she won't think of any one else. I'll manage matters very differently to what I have done; and you'll stick by me, won't you, David?"

In those words—the suggested endearment, the fatally ready admission, the half promise, and the groundless hopefulness—lay all the danger and all the promise of poor Fergus Laurie's character! David's words came to him like a guardian angel's whisper in a dream. The worst of it was that the world, represented by Robina's clamorous voice, was sure to seem to him the waking reality, to which he would turn, with half a sigh, for the sweet ideal gone out of his reach.

And so the two parted.

David went off to his lonely home thinking, "We will save him yet—we two, Millicent and I. He has been walking in dangerous paths; that he chose them for himself only made their greatest danger. I think he will confide in me now, as he used to do. And when he once begins to speak with her, he will be sure to confide in her, and she will give him so much help. Who knows but that this time of revelation and humiliation may be the very sealing of a life-long bond between Millicent and Fergus? If he has been false to himself and unkind to her, I am sure there are depths of pitiful loving-kindness and tender mercy in her."

David himself had forgiven the unknown mother who had left him but a legacy of shame—he had forgiven the father who had blighted his youth, and the woman who had embittered it. David had practised

forgiveness till the power had grown so easy that he never even noticed when he exercised it!

Only as he went along, David thought within himself how selfish he was, and what an especial blessing it was to him that no goodness of one's own is any item in one's acceptance with God. For, out of all the shock and pain, he felt a little bit of happiness shooting like a blue mountain flower from the devastation of an avalanche. In this time of trouble, he was the one who could advise Fergus, and shield Millicent. There was a sense in which, after all, he was useful and necessary to the two—man and woman—in whose life he had lived far more than in his own. He did not think he had ever wanted much more than this. At any rate, nothing else could have been half so good. Of other dreams, other hopes, he thought now as a grown man thinks of the toys he coveted in childhood!

Fergus Laurie went home to Acre Hall. He gave a contemptuous grunt at the clumsy salutation of the disagreeable man seated in the hall, and passed on to the drawing-room. There seemed something in the very atmosphere of the house which made him think within himself that David Maxwell's way of talk was all very fine and well-meant, doubtless, but that it must be modified in such a world as the real one.

Mrs. Laurie was in bed. She had retired thither on the first appearance of the disagreeable man. But Robina was ready to receive him, with a grievance longer than herself.

"What other woman has to endure such treatment as this?" she cried. "Is the vicar's daughter expected to entertain a man in possession? Does your fine Miss Harvey have to put up with such a humiliation in the sight of her servant?"

"Miss Harvey is in altogether different circumstances. You can't compare her with yourself," said Fergus. "If she had a man in possession, it would be of her own goods; she is the real mistress of her house."

"Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself to bring your house to such a pass," Robina retorted. "As you say, it isn't my affair, and I'm sure it is not my fault. Nobody can say I'm extravagant. I've never had more than a half-pennyworth of milk taken in for tea, just for the sake of saving; and whenever chance visitors have happened to come, I have had to send out for more; and one half the time they have known it, so they couldn't think me extravagant. And I've never given a single present—so different to you who are always throwing away on strangers! You had no right to set yourself up in such grandeur if you can't keep it up."

"That's a true word, Robina," said Fergus, carelessly.

"But you ought to be able to keep it up," she went on, only more angrily. "I don't believe it is a bit more than we have a right to. And now I suppose we shall have to go and live in some hokey-pokey hole, hardly better than the Harveys' cottage. Of course, it is easy enough for them who have never

been used to anything else; but, after what I have been accustomed to, it will be very hard. It will be unendurable!"

"What have you been accustomed to?" asked Fergus, with his provoking calmness. "Do you mean to Acre Hall, or to the single room over the tripe shop, where we all lived in father's time, when there were five of us to be supported on the pension that mother spends on her own washing bill now-a-days?"

Robina gave him one unutterable look, and went out of the room, leaving him alone in the splendid saloon—the same, only still more resplendent with satin and gilding, where, on that far-away summer evening, he had sat with Millicent Harvey, while the soft early moonlight came stealing down through the elm tree, and he was very near saying to her that all beauty and all success would be nothing to him without her. He was not the first man who, having to choose between the princess and the palace, chooses the palace, only to find that all crumbles away without the princess, while she makes a palace wherever she goes.

Fergus had not sat there long before he rang the bell hard, and bade the servant bring up some brandy and soda-water. That was no unusual order. The excited, feverish life he was leading, deprived him of appetite. Wholesome food had grown thoroughly distasteful, and the highly-seasoned, artificial morsels he could still enjoy, only fostered his craving for stimulants.

Fergus sat there sipping his glass, and felt himself a bitterly ill-used man. He took up the grand visions of his aspiring youth, and put them side by side with his blasted present, and set the two down as cause and effect, without reference to anything between them. He thought his ambition had been to make business but a wider and truer philanthropy, "therefore" he was a ruined man. Others had only aimed at fortunes for themselves, and so had made them. But it never struck poor Fergus that this purely unselfish philanthropy of his had grasped at the glories of fortune, without even the trouble of making it.

It was no new thing for Fergus to say to himself that "something must be done." What he had never yet dreamed of doing was to give up Acre Hall, and reduce his expenses to whatever trifle there might be to meet them. That alternative seemed now staring him in the face.

He had spoken truly—truer than he meant or knew—when he said to David that he was his only friend. He had given up his Friend in Heaven. That sounds an awful thing to say: alas, that men find it the easiest thing to do! What can a man have to do with God who only wants help to pay for the wine that is destroying him, defence against claims which are just, wisdom and counsel to scheme for wrong and selfish ends? These are not the "crooked places" which the Lord has promised to straighten. And who were Fergus's friends on earth? Not the two hard selfish women who were ready to

make up their minds that whatever he did was right, because it was his doings that fed them daintily and clothed them softly. Chance words of theirs were never likely to cast a gleam of sunlight on any storm-battered soul as the chance words of some women might. Help and inspiration did not grow wild in their conversation. Oh, had Fergus raised his eyes from the mean and sordid plague spot that had crept over his young ambition, to see such a woman as Christian Harvey smiling love and peace beside his hearth, perchance he would long ago have started as from an evil dream, and awaked to his better self. But it was Fergus's own wilfulness which had shut him up with those two women as the geni of his life.

Gradually thoughts began to rise out of the whirl of heated feelings, and to link themselves together.

At first, "I am tired of this kind of life. What the better am I now that I am sitting on a carved and velvet chair? It might as well be a wooden one with a chintz cushion!"

Then, "I have never enjoyed what I have had in this way. There has been no time for anything but worry."

"Oh, I wish I was young again! I wish I was just starting in business. What a different plan I should lay out!"

"And so David Maxwell has had a liking for Millicent Harvey. I used to think so. Lately I've forgotten all about it. She has never cared a straw for him. He was a wise man to know it. It would have been different with somebody else, I think. I did not refrain from proposing to her, because I thought there was no chance of acceptance" (and in all his misery, Fergus, alone in the twilight, smiled a vain man's smile). "I only wish I had proposed to her at the very beginning. I believe I should have got on better. At any rate, she would not be such a squeaking idiot as Robina."

"And so David Maxwell is paying my debt to her out of his romantic affection! Well, I can believe things of that sort of David better than of most men. But I shouldn't wonder that he has a sneaking idea that he will help her to get work, and so on, and that somehow she'll find out this is his money, and so forth! I don't say he does it for that, or that he knows in his heart he wants it, but yet he'll work it round so."

"And after that she might marry him, just out of gratitude. Women will do that sometimes. She'll think it is too late for her to do any better. What a pity?"

"I really do not see why I shouldn't marry her myself, after all. If I go myself to night and tell her that we are going out of business, and that she will be paid to-morrow, that is what I promised David, and he will have no excuse to go there bungling himself. I shall say what he said I ought to say, and what more I say is my own business. I won't borrow her money—that, under the circumstances, would be only putting myself in a dangerous position. But, once we are married, it would enable me to

settle up these two or three little personal debts to people whom I can't bear to triumph over me. And then my business will be wound up, and I shall get a share of something, somehow. And then I'll begin again, in the quietest of ways. How can one be wise without experience? Robina must go away. She has never been satisfied with what I've done for her, and she can't expect me to forget her reproaches now. She can take a situation of some kind. Her manners have been polished up by the society she has met here, so she has lost nothing by being with me. It don't matter much to me what she is, for I won't set up in business in London again, but far down in the country. I'll allow mother a little if I can; but, anyhow, she has her pension, and she must have more clothes by her now than she can ever wear out."

But while this undercurrent of thought really flowed through Fergus's soul, his self knowledge went no deeper than the surface whereon rippled such self-delusions as these: "I have gone wrong for want of such a woman as Millicent to be my household friend. I don't think she is happy. Why should we not both endeavor to make the best of what remains for each other? She must be lonely, poor thing, for all the rest of her family have their own private interests. I can't be marrying her for her money—nobody can say that. What are her seven or eight hundred pounds to a man in my position? And I could get them if I liked without marrying her. If I wanted to marry money, I would marry tens of thousands. No, I want herself. I could face poverty, or any change with her; and I am sure I shall be a great comfort and stronghold to her. I'll tell her at once that I won't borrow her money, nor have anything to do with it, except by our both having one purse henceforth. We'll be married as soon as possible—in about a week, say. And there is no need to trouble her about my business arrangements. I'll tell her the truth, that I'm going out of business; and, really, she could not understand the ins and outs, if I tried to explain them; and, besides, I myself know everything will be all right, though she, as a woman, might be nervous. We shall be in Acre Hall for another six months, at least, while things are wound up. Mother and Robina can go and stay at the seaside for that while."

The thought of six months in the glories of Acre Hall, in Milly's society, and with the responsibilities, at least, of business lifted off his shoulders, was a prospect beyond which such a mind as Fergus's did not care to look. To others it might have seemed only a respite. But that was all his ambition now. He lived in such a hot momentary struggle, that the thought of even a week's freedom was like ages of paradise.

The last ray of spring daylight had just faded as he took his hat from the rail in the hall, and started off for the Harveys' cottage. He seemed no longer to notice the presence of the disagreeable man in the hall—an omission which that worthy resented by grunting to himself.

"I should think that difficulties is that gemman's native air. His eye seemed to take me in as natural as if I was a walking-stick."

(To be continued.)

WHAT AN ENGLISH WRITER SAYS OF THE COSTUME OF GENTLEMEN IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

IN this age, however, it would be difficult to impugn us for a too great fondness for display, the male costume being reduced to a mysterious combination of the inconvenient and the unpicturesque, which, except in the light of a retribution, it is puzzling to account for. Hot in summer, cold in winter—useless either for keeping off rain or sun, stiff without being plain, bare without being simple, not durable, not becoming, and not cheap. Man is like a corrupt borough—the only way to stop the evil has been to deprive him of his franchise. He is no longer even allowed the option of making himself ridiculous. Not a single article is left in his wardrobe with which he can even make what is called an impression—a conquest is out of the question. Each taken separately is as absurd as the emptiest fop could have devised, and as ugly as the staunchest Puritan could have desired. His hat is a machine to which an impartial stranger might impute a variety of culinary uses, but would never dream of putting on his head. His coat is a contrivance which covers only half his person, and does not fit that, while his waistcoat—if a straight one—would be an excellent constraint for one who can contentedly wear the rest of the costume. Each article, in addition, being under such strict laws, that whoever attempts to alter or embellish, only gets credit for more vanity than his fellows and not for more taste.

This being the state of the case, the responsibilities of a wife in that department are very serious. On point of fact, she dresses for two, and in neglecting herself virtually wrongs her husband. Nature has expressly assigned her as the only safe investment for his vanities, and she who wantonly throws them back from their natural course, deserves to see them break out on his own person, or appear in that of another.

SLEEP.—The man who sleeps little, repairs little. A man who would be a good worker must be a good sleeper. A man has as much force in him as he had provided for in sleep. The quality of mental activity depends upon the quality of sleep. Men need on an average eight hours of sleep a day. A lymphatic temperament may require nine; a nervous temperament six or seven. A lymphatic man is sluggish, moves and sleeps slowly. But a nervous man acts quickly in everything. He does more in an hour than a sluggish man in two hours; and so in his sleep. Every man must sleep according to his temperament—but eight hours is the average. Whoever by work, pleasure, sorrow, or by any other cause, is regularly diminishing his sleep, is destroying his life. A man may hold out for a time, but the crash will come, and he will die.

CONCERNING NAMES.

BY MISS E. T. WHEELER.

A NOTED lexicographer speaking, in the preface of his greatest work—a Greek lexicon—which had cost him years of application, of the drudgery which most people would think his labor, said that the study of words, classing, grouping and searching out new meanings, had been not tiresome but delightful. Had his subject been names, many of us would join in his pleasure. For in them lie much rare tradition and entertaining history; and to glance over the various customs of naming, the meanings and superstitions connected therewith, can hardly fail to amuse us. For our names are the one thing that unalterably belong to us; given over the cradle and written on the marble that shelters our last sleep, through all the varying light and shade that lie between, they cling to us; spoken by loving lips, they are thereby consecrated ours forever.

In olden times naming seems to have been more important work than now; the sense was of more account than the sound, and if they seem barbarous to our ears, we may find on examination that many of them have lovely meanings. The Hebrew mother named her darlings so, and her delight in them, her worship of God, her faith in her people, all shine out from the long list of Bible names. The ceremony of circumcision is familiar: modern Jews require ten witnesses, and the name is given between benedictions. A singular custom prevails with some of them, of changing the child's name in illness: when all remedies have failed, this is tried, the idea of misfortune attaching to the old one.

With the Greeks, naming was an important affair. The seventh day from birth was kept as a high festival, sacrifices were offered and a banquet given to friends; with the child in arms, the nurse ran around the fire, so putting the new-comer under the protection of the household gods. An olive garland hung at the door was the sign of a boy; a fleece, symbol of spinning and weaving, of a girl. Sometimes names of illustrious ancestors were given, and sometimes the decision was left to chance: tapers were lit, different names being attached to them, and the one that burned longest—as giving longest life—was the chosen one. This superstition was wide-spread. It crept into the early Church, and the bishops vainly preached against it. Several cases are recorded where twelve tapers, named for the apostles, were used in this way. One poor princess earned so the name of Simon.

The Romans followed Greek customs, but their practical character is shown by their seizing on personal characteristics as bases of names: Longinus, tall, Gracchus, slender, Cæsar, hairy, are examples of this.

As the Greeks divined by candles, the Hindoos place two lamps over two names, and the one which burns brightest is chosen. The name of the reigning

planet is sometimes added. In Thibet two names are given, one from some god to be used only in religious ceremonies, and one for every-day service. In Ceylon the ceremony is full of poetry: the mother carries her child to the temple with an offering and three flowers to which names are attached, the initial letter in all being that of the reigning constellation; the priest presents the offering, and, after a little, returns one of the names; the mother believes that he is guided in his unconscious selection by the gods, and hence that her child is named by them. African babies have the pleasure of naming themselves: the new-born one is placed on a palm leaf, palm-wine drunk over it, and a few drops spilt on its face, from its cry of resentment the name is taken and it is generally Quaco. Forty days feasting celebrate with the Abyssinians a child's naming.

One may see in glancing over the names given to women among various nations, the respect in which they were held. Greeks gave them those expressive of beauty and power: Eulalie, speaking sweetly, and Arsinoe, elevation of mind, are instances. With the Romans a poor girl had only the family name feminized; if there were more than one of them, only numerals distinguished them. So the sisters of Brutus were Junia Major, Junia Minor and Junia Tertia. Only the Chinese join in this scant courtesy to daughters; with them, owners of the "golden lilies" of deformed feet were sometimes known as One, Two, Three, etc. The followers of Mohammed deny woman a soul, but they take pains to select for her names from flowers and gems, as useless but beautiful parts of creation. They call them Gulnare, pomegranate-flower, or Yaameen, fragrant jasmine. The Hindoos likewise ordain that the names of women shall be simple, musical and of good augury. But it is not until we come to Teuton and Celt that we find appellations rich in meaning given them. They believed the sex inspired, and the royal names given them show this: Dagmar, mother of day, Bertha, bright one, Adelaide, noble lady, and Gertrude, trusted and true, are examples.

The Japanese change their names four times in life, the Chinese still oftener. With the latter the first is the "milk name," on entering school the boy has a "book name," and on marrying another is given. With our own Indians of old, men and women exchanged names on marriage, and the young brave's proudest title was earned by his own deeds in battle. In Rome, slaves on becoming freedmen took new names; but soldiers were never allowed to change theirs; it was graven on their buckler and was inseparable from them. Kings ascending the throne took new names, and popes on assuming the tiara. The superstition connected with this latter change was strengthened by the fact that in the only case in which it was not done, the unfortunate pope

died in nineteen days. Converts to Christianity were baptized with names of solemn meaning: one case deserves mention. A captain of Trajan's guard, called Placidus (easy-tempered), took on his conversion the name of Eustace (steadfast). His faith was tried by fire, but his noble name was the index of his brave endurance of martyrdom. Sometimes names were forcibly changed. The conversion of a king to Christianity was, of course, followed by that of his people. One of the Polish kings was so turned in the thirteenth century, and by his orders his people were renamed for the saints. To one part John and Mary were given, to another Peter and Catherine, and so on. A clever writer tries to prove this the cause of the innumerable army of John Smiths; the first name is accounted for, and as in those days the surname came from the trade, and that of a smith was one of the most common, the explanation is complete. In 1465, Edward IV. of England, ordered all his Irish subjects to take English names, on pain of forfeiture of their possessions. A century later, Philip II. of Spain, issued a similar command to the Moors of his kingdom. In 1603, the great Highland clan of Macgregor were, for their misconduct, deprived of their name. By their bravery and devotion to the Stuarts they afterward won it back. Justly is this loss of name thought a degradation fit only for the convict.

At first one name was sufficient; but as the world's people divided into tribes and bands family names were soon added, and with the Romans it was a matter of pride to have as many as possible. So highly was the surname esteemed that, in the twelfth century, an heiress refused to marry a suitor who had not this qualification.

"It were to me a great shame
To have a lord withouten his fow name."

A modern princess has had twenty bestowed on her, all pleasant sounding and of happy meanings.

With nearly all nations many superstitions are attached to names. In Greece and Rome, oracles were consulted concerning them. In religious ceremonies pains were taken that all concerned therein should have fortunate ones. Trials of criminals began with those of most unlucky appellations; and when soldiers were enrolled, fortunate names must head the lists. Before the battle of Actium, Augustus was rejoiced by the good augury of meeting a donkey and driver whose names signified conquering and fortunate. After the victory he built a temple wherein figures of the two were placed.

Who will say there's nothing in a name, when he remembers the story of the Persian slave whose whole destiny was changed by change of name? Poor and friendless, Nuari (destitute) was a perpetual reminder of his condition. One day his master, pleased with some service, added the single letter A to his name. But Anuari meant *brilliant*, and inspired by the prophecy the young man made it true by his after life. The Roman guards once elected an emperor solely for his name. Regilianus had indeed a royal sound

and meaning, but his rule was short. In another instance a fair princess lost a husband and a throne because of her name. Louis VIII. of France, surnamed "*Cœur de Lion*," desiring a Spanish princess for his bride, sent ambassadors to the court of Madrid to form the alliance. The eldest and most beautiful of the two princesses was the one desired, but when her name was pronounced they drew back. Uracca (magpie) was equally unmusical and of unhappy meaning; and her younger sister, Blanche of Castile was carried in triumph to France to become the proud mother of St. Louis.

There are fashions in names as well as in everything else. In Italy, in the fifteenth century, a fancy existed with literary men, of taking classical names. As a precedent they claimed the academy founded by Charlemagne all whose members bore Greek and Latin ones. The reigning pope, suspicious of heretical plots, imprisoned and tortured some. Some of them contented themselves with translating their names into Latin. This fashion has been often followed, and the case of Luther's friend is familiar. Philip Schwartzerd, (black earth,) became by this means Philip Melancthon and by this name is known in history.

At one time in England, it was the fashion for lovers to address their sweethearts as Delfa, Chloe, Phyllis, etc. But when the sweethearts became wives and mothers, they called their children after them simply Betty, Kitty and Mary. English hearts cling most, not to the noble Teutonic, but to old Hebrew names. "A good old-fashioned English name," means not, Edith (blessed), Ethel (noble), Ermine (lady of high degree); but Mary (exalted), Martha (bitterness), and the like. France and Italy prefer classic names. At one time a novel idea seized French writers. The last letter of the alphabet suddenly became most important. Heroines were called Zaire, Zuleime, till the thing reached the climax of absurdity with an author who announced the life of Prince Zzzz.

Cornwall has some curious names. Zenobia and Philippa are favorites among peasant women, and ladies like the title of *Sage*. Two brothers rejoice in the names of Cherubim and Seraphim, and a girl bears that of Azimuth. We smile at the Puritans, who imitating Hebrew fashions produced such combinations as Praise-God Barebones, More-Fruit Fowler, and Kill-Sin Pimple. But modern registry lists furnish as bad ones. Will Bill, Faith-Hope-Charity Green, and Joyful-Moses-Lazarus Solomon seem more like jests than real names. "The 15th of June," was a name actually given to a girl born on shipboard.

A hundred more curious facts in relation to our subject might be given. We have done enough to show that there may be much in a name, and with this story of an anagram we close. In Greece it was the fashion to drink as many cups to the health of one's lady love, as there was letters in her name. The honor to "her of the beautiful eyebrows," Charitoblepharos, must have been an exhaustive un-

dertaking, but could hardly have been as fatal as was once a lover's anagram. It was the days when they were very fashionable; and, determined to please the fair lady with whom he had secretly fallen in love, he shut himself in his room for six months at his task. At last he came forth victorious. Her name had been given him as Mary Boon. He had been obliged to substitute Moll for Mary, and on presenting it to

the lady he was horror-struck to find that he had taken equal liberties with the surname. It was Bohren instead of Boon; and the lady frowned on his effort. His mind, previously weakened by intense application, could not endure the shock, and in a few days he became insane.

Moral—"Be sure you're right before you go ahead."

A DAY IN OLD LONDON.

MAY 31st, 1533.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

IT was Saturday morning—one likes to be particular about the day—in that old London, which was, at this time, the richest city in Europe. The hawthorn hedges were in full bloom, and the larks were singing up in glad blue deeps of air, and the primroses and daisies were shining in the sunny pastures and among the dark old meadows. The wreaths had faded on the May-poles around which, all over Merrie England, the national holiday had been kept, with dance, and song, and banquet, on the greenward.

"The Silver Thames—it deserved its name then, when the sun could shine on it out of the blue summer sky," must have been crowded and picturesque with its boats and barges; and the old streets, with their tall, dark stores and houses, were radiant with glittering tapestries and draperies, "and the rich carpet-work from Persia and the East."

Never had London been so gorgeous. Never had she decked herself in such hangings of crimson and scarlet, in such splendor of cloth of gold, and velvet, and tissues, as on this fair May morning, when outside the old city the dews were sparkling among the snows of the hawthorn hedges.

There was an eager, breathless curiosity in every face on the swarming streets, and among the crowds on the balconies, while the sheriffs rode up and down on their great Flemish horses gay with liveries.

Fifteen hundred and thirty-three! We have to grope far along the dusty centuries to find that bright May morning which shone over the ancient city, decked for the bridal of her king.

It had come to this at last. Out of the stormy years, the passion and the clamor, Henry VIII. had had his will, and Anne Boleyn, the daughter of the old London mercers on her mother's side, of the proud old Norman Howard on her father's, was going after the manner of ancient queens, from the Tower to Westminster, to be crowned.

But never had so splendid a pageant celebrated a royal bridal as this one, amid which the young maid of honor was going up to sit on the throne of her mistress; never, though the ancient queens had come of long lines of kings, and brought titles and gifts to add lustre to the English crown.

She who was coming up to the throne to-day, and

for whom the old city was going half wild in its riot of welcome, brought nothing but her beauty, that rare and wondrous grace of manner and speech which had fascinated the proud and haughty king, and turned him into the most ardent of lovers. Yet Anne Boleyn was to bring to the English throne a gift more precious and splendid than all the queens who had gone before her, for she was to be the mother of Elizabeth Tudor.

The guns of the Tower thundered suddenly into the May morning; the great gates swung back on their iron hinges, and under the archways, in the bright sunshine, the long cavalcade began slowly to defile.

Look at it as the May light glitters on the splendid column. The French knights come first in their blue velvet surcoats, with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, and the white crosses shining on the hangings.

Then followed the English gentlemen mounted on their magnificent horses, the Knights of the Bath in their violet robes, the mitred abbots and the barons in crimson velvet; then the nobility of the realm in gorgeous splendor, and one by one the chief officers of England, in all the blazing magnificence of that age of glitter, and show, and pageantry.

Last of all the gorgeous procession came the Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, Henry's brother-in-law, married to the younger of his sisters, that fair Mary Tudor, who went to France to wed its king, and found herself so soon a widow.

"It is no easy matter to picture to ourselves the blazing trail of splendor which such a pageant must have drawn along the London streets—those streets which now we know so black and smoke-grimed, themselves then radiant with masses of color—gold, and crimson, and violet. Yet there it was, and there the sun could shine upon it, and tens of thousands of eyes were gazing on the scene out of the crowded lattices."

But at last the object for which all this glorious spectacle had been prepared drew near, and all else was forgotten.

There was a wide, solitary space, and then a white chariot, drawn by two palfreys in white damask which swept the ground, the silver bells of the golden

canopy making soft music in the hush which filled the air, and fell for a moment upon the swarming crowds before the loud welcomes thundered out.

There she sat in her morning loveliness, this bride of a king. Her fair hair fell loose upon her shoulders, and her face in its proud triumph must have been at its fairest that morning. The great court-painter, Holbein, left it to future generations on canvas, but the real power and charm of the face which had fascinated the king, were something which no artist ever caught in his divinest rapture of brush or chisel. She was dressed, as became a bride, in robes of white tissue, and a circlet of rubies blazed upon her head.

After her came her ladies in crimson velvet, over which flamed trimmings of cloth of gold, and then the chariots of the court ladies, and their long trains of attendants followed. The eyes of the beholders must have been dazzled by the glare of splendor as it wound along the dark old streets.

Never had queen such welcome as she who had come from the quiet country shades of her father's home at Hener-castle, to take her seat on England's throne. At the cross-ings and the church-corners they waited for her. The old classic legends bloomed out suddenly on English soil. There was a fountain of Helicon pouring forth its dark ruby tide of Rhenish wine through all that day "for the refreshment of the multitude," while the god Apollo and his attendants waited around to welcome the English queen.

There was an uncrowned white falcon among heaps of red and white roses; and amid the spectators there must have been gray-haired veterans who could look back to the bloody battle-fields of the Plantagenets—battle-fields whose awful spectres must have started up suddenly at that sea of June roses. Then an angel came down and placed a crown of close gold on the falcon's head, as the chariot of the queen came slowly up. It was a graceful device; nothing under the circumstances could have been prettier; symbolizing, as the whole did, the union of York and Lancaster. There was a burst of wonderful melody, and the shouts of all loyal Englishmen must have shaken the very ground at that sight.

At Cornhill Conduit the three graces on a throne welcomed that white chariot; and at Cheapside the conduit spouted from one end its white river of wine, and at the other its crimson stream of claret.

A little beyond, at the great Cheapside Cross, the aldermen waited in their magnificent robes, and a purse filled with a thousand gold marks, their gift to the queen; and further on were the trio of goddesses—Pallas, Venus and Juno. The little children with their sweet, piping voices sang their ballads; and all the long way, bursts of music and triumphant peans shook the sweet May air. And so Anne Boleyn went on in her youth, and loveliness, and splendor to the old Westminster Hall, which was all hung around with rare tapestries for her coronation.

London never before saw a day like that. In all

the centuries since, it has never seen such another morning as that last one of May, when Anne Boleyn rode up from the Tower through the streets, to be crowned Queen of England.

She had been long waiting for this day. Among the green shades of her country home, it had glittered for years above all her hopes and dreams. She had reached, as few human beings ever do, the highest summit of their ambitions—she was Queen of England.

And yet, as I follow that white chariot, and the woman who sits there alone in her supreme loveliness, in the flush and fulness of her proud triumph, while I seem to hear the blare of the trumpets and the thunder of the shouting multitudes, my heart aches for her with a real human pity. Yes, leaning across the dusky centuries, to where that last spring morning shines out of the May, my heart aches for the woman, thinking of her brief day of pomp and splendor—thinking of the end of it all, only three Mays later!

The next day—the first one of the beautiful English June, you remember—the work was done. Amid the splendid old Peerage with the Knights of the Garter blazing in the dress of their order, while the monks and bishops were filling the dark old aisles with their solemn singing, Anne Boleyn swept out from under her canopy, her beautiful hair floating in a cloud from the wreath of diamonds which encircled her brow, and seating herself between the choir and the high altar in the rich coronation chair. At last, when all the trains had fallen into their places, and the preliminaries of the ceremonial were dispatched, she was led up to the high altar and anointed.

Then the archbishop, Cranmer, set the crown of St. Edward on her head, and placed the sceptre in her hand—not knowing what a fiery price he was to pay for that deed. A mighty *Te Deum* thundered through the vast hall, and outside, in the bright June morning, the people were telling each other that now, at last, Anne Boleyn was Queen of England.

I have wondered sometimes if, as she rode that May day in her sovereign loneliness from the Tower to Westminster, one spectre did not rise and steal a sudden shadow across all her bliss. I should like to be more certain of this than I am; for Anne Boleyn seems hardly to have carried herself with sensitive delicacy toward the woman whom she supplanted. One can scarcely tell, however. It was a coarse, hard age on which that fair May morning shone; and the standards of conduct and the circumstances themselves were so unlike our own, that it is difficult to form a correct judgment of deeds or characters.

Yet we do know that away down at Amptill, that fair May morning, while the guns were firing from the Tower, and the long, glittering cavalcade was passing, and the shouts of the swarming thousands were ringing through London streets, there sat, lonely and desolate, a pale, sick, broken-hearted woman, worn and old before her time.

She was the daughter of a long line of Spanish kings. For more than twenty years that proud, worn, sad-faced woman had worn the crown of England, and now it had been torn from her brow to be set on a younger, fairer rival, and in her proud, insolent triumph, the maid of honor, the mistress of the king, as Katharine of Arragon must have inevitably regarded Anne Bolyn, was to take her place on the throne to-day, as the wife of Henry Tudor.

It was a bitter, galling thought. The haughty daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella felt herself the most insulted and outraged of women.

What thoughts must have crowded on the stern, proud soul of the woman as she sat there in her stately grief, while outside the woods and fields around Ampthill were bright with the joy of the May morning. She must have remembered her happy childhood when she played in the sunny gardens of the Alhambra; she must have remembered the autumn journey from Spain when she came, a young, wondering girl in the middle of her teens to wed the heir of the English crown.

Did all the feasting and rejoicing with which they welcomed the Spanish bride to England in the pleasant October days come back to her?

And, while her sad thoughts crowded, did Katharine of Arragon hear the larks singing and the plough-boy whistling at his work among the pleasant fields around Ampthill? Did she remember—and perhaps a wan smile came for a moment into the proud, sorrowful face—how the father of her boy bridegroom clattered with his train across the Downs in the stormy November rains, to look upon the Spanish wife, which the first prince of the house of Tudor was to wed?

Did she remember, too, how the solemn Spanish cavaliers of her train delivered King Ferdinand's injunction that his daughter's veil should not be raised until she stood at the altar with her betrothed?

King Henry, the first of the Tudors, had waded to his throne through the blood of Bosworth field. There was a dark rumor—perhaps any man who dared to breathe the story above his breath would have paid for it with the loss of his head—that Henry Tudor's grandfather, that stern, handsome old Owen, who lived among the Welsh marshes, was the son of a brewer.

But the haughty Tudor spirit was roused at this message. No son of Henry's should wed a bride, though she came from a long line of Spanish kings, and though her hand was the proudest alliance in Europe, before he had looked on her face.

So, there was no help for it, and the Spanish girl gave her future father-in-law an audience on the very night of his coming.

She had learned since what that haughty old Tudor will was that had borne down every thing in its way—even her, with her pride of race, and her stern, unbending Spanish nature.

Did she think of the joyous bridal, of the brief happy life, of the sudden death which smote down

into her young hopes, and left her a girl-widow in the strange English land?

She must have remembered all these things in a sad, weary way, that day at Ampthill, when the earth was shining outside, as though in mockery of her bitter grief; and all the world had gone after her triumphant rival—all but the few attendants who had followed her to her lonely home, and were faithful to her through all her fallen fortunes.

There was another bridal, that could not have been pleasant to remember. Katharine had been forced into it most reluctantly by her own and her husband's father; for the bridegroom had just entered upon his teens, and was five years younger than his bride.

As the years went on, however, this disparity of age became less marked. She must have thought how she had been Henry's wife all these years, and the mother of his children; how she had worn his crown, and sat on his throne; and her heart must have swelled with an unutterable bitterness toward the beautiful rival who had come between them, and worked all this misery.

It was hard on the poor, pale, proud woman sitting there, among the green shades of Ampthill that morning of May, fifteen hundred and thirty-three.

I suspect Katharine of Arragon could hardly have been an agreeable wife. There seems to have been a rigidity, an inveterate bigotry, a gloomy stateliness about all the feminine descendants of the great Ferdinand and Isabella. There was a taint of insanity in the race, which in some members was pronounced madness, in others it amounted to a stately, chronic melancholy, which could hardly have made them, notwithstanding their loyalty, their high spirit, their narrow, intense devotion, attractive wives or companions.

Henry the Eighth was, like all the Tudors, thoroughly an Englishman. He had all the strong faults of his house; their coarseness, their hardness, their despotic will, their merciless cruelty, when the fierce Tudor spirit was roused, but the man himself was English in his whole organization, tastes and temperament.

His practical, clear-headed intellect; his loud good-nature; his indomitable courage; his strong, iron will; his fondness for sports and pageants; his love "for the hounds, the horn, and the huntsman's bugle," were essentially English. This was, perhaps, the secret of his long popularity with the hard, stubborn islanders over whom he reigned.

He understood their temper, what strains it would bear, and when the reins could be grasped with a firm, powerful hand, and when they must lie loosely.

So he guided the steeds through all the stormy years amid which his reign fell, and with all his hardness and despotism and cruelty, he seems to have left England a better and a happier country than when he went up in the morning-pride and strength of his youth to the throne.

The marriage with Katharine of Arragon could never have been a happy one. She had been forced

on Henry, for state reasons, in his childhood. In her temperament, tastes, to her very marrow, Katharine was a Spanish woman, and compliance, adaptation, flexibility of any sort, does not seem to have been in the rigid fibre of her race. She must always have had, too, a lofty consciousness of the great line from which she had sprung; and it is likely the contrasts of her own long, illustrious race, with that of the house into which she had married, and whose glories were of only two generations, made the Tudors, whose name she bore, seem to the Spanish woman "like the mushroom growth of yesterday."

Yet, whatever were the faults of her temperament, her sorrows seem to excuse them all; and we only see the woman, disrowned, desolate, broken-hearted, sitting in her bitter solitude that day at Ampthill.

One of the sharpest griefs of the deserted wife must have been the absence of her daughter. Mary, the only surviving child of the Tudor line, had been cruelly torn from her mother, and was living, at this time, some miles apart from the parent she adored, and whose wrongs she naturally and bitterly re-vented.

Mary Tudor was never an Englishwoman. In her the Spanish qualities were strongly pronounced: the narrowness, the bigotry, the passionate devotion and hatreds, above all, the remorseless cruelty. Unhappily the wrongs of her mother, the sufferings of her own youth, all had their influence in developing the worst side of her nature; and when, at last, her turn came, it found her a lean, worn, haggard woman, old before her time; and she took her place on her father's throne "to fill the years with the lurid fires of the martyrs of the Reformation," and "to swathe her name in the bloody epithet which shall cling to it forever."

She was a young girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, on that bitter morning at Ampthill, which must have burned itself into her memory, and in long years afterward, Mary Tudor was to reap in the fires of Smithfield the slow, lurid harvest of her revenge.

If it were not for that dreadful record which history writes against her, one could only regard Mary Tudor, on this morning, with feelings of the tenderest pity.

Whatever bloom and fairness youth could give to the sickly daughter of Katharine must have been in her face then. She, too, had had terrible wrongs—that young daughter of the king. Was it nothing that she was banished from the court, that the shadow of her mother's sorrows fell with such dreadful darkness into her youth, that the crown was wrested from her brow and her place in the succession denied to her, though she was born princess of England?

But one can never think of this morning and the ride through all that pomp and splendor from the Tower to the Abbey, and the beautiful woman sitting there in her white chariot, alone in her glory and loveliness, without thinking of that other morning three short years afterward.

Now, as before, the hawthorn hedges are white

with their foam of blossoms, and the plough-boy, at his work among the sunny fields, sings some old English ballad, and the clear sweetness of the lark drops out of the glad blue skies, and the wreaths droop on the May-poles, beneath which the dance and the song and the feast have gone merrily on the greenward. The world outside is the same world, rejoicing in sunshine and in the freshness of leaves and grasses, which it was on that morning, when, amid the thunder of the guns and the shouts of the people, Anne Boleyn came out from the grim old gates of the Tower. She is coming back to them now, but in such different plight.

A solitary barge sweeps up the river bringing a prisoner, not radiant then with beauty on a gay errand of coronation, but a poor, wandering ghost on a sad, tragic errand, from which she will never more return, passing away out of an earth where she may stay no longer into a Presence where, nevertheless, we know that all is well for all of us, and therefore for her.

Yet think of her, sitting there in her still, white anguish, the old grace of attitude clinging to her, as the barge drew near the Tower-stairs, and the grim gates frowned down on her once more; those very gates out of which she had passed in her proud loveliness only three years before, to take her seat in the gay chariot drawn by palfreys.

Before she passed under the grim arches, she sank upon her knees—she to whom all England had been kneeling for the last three years—and she prayed, in the anguish of her soul, "Oh, Lord, help me, as I am guiltless of that whereof I am accused."

It does not seem as though a guilty woman would have dared utter those solemn words at that moment.

When the stern lieutenant of the Tower approached she asked him in her wild, pitiful way if she was to go into a dungeon.

"No, madam," he answered, and if he had a man's heart, used, as it was, to scenes of grief and misery, it must have ached at that moment. "No, madam, to your own lodging where you lay at your coronation."

At those words she burst into a great passion of weeping; yet there seems to have been no refinement of cruelty intended here. She was a queen. For three years the crown of England had rested upon that fair, bowed head. It would never shine there again, but they would treat her like a queen to the last; and so they led her under the dark arches, and the great iron gates swung back, out of which Anne Boleyn was never to come again until that last time, when she was to go down to the scaffold on the green, to the headsman there, with the sharp, deadly glitter of his axe, and Anne Boleyn was to stand there a moment in the bright May sunshine, a fair, tragic figure for all future centuries.

It was likely enough that that coronation day, and the dizzy height to which it lifted her, turned the woman's brain. Only the strongest could have borne all the glittering pomp and incense which

were offered to Anne Boleyn during the brief day of her pride and power.

It is likely that she was giddy, vain and imprudent. That early life at the gay, corrupt French court had, it is probable, infected her more or less with its sentiments and habits. It was quite natural that she should not always have remembered that she owed everything she was to the favor of one man; and presumed upon that too far. It was not surprising, after the proofs he had given her of his long, passionate devotion, that Anne Boleyn should have regarded herself as seated securely in the king's affections, and acted too decidedly on her conviction.

The facts will never be cleared up now. It is quite possible that Henry believed her guilty. It was sure to go ill with her if she once aroused the wrath of that hard, jealous, Tudor nature, and his love once turned to hatred trampled her down in remorseless vengeance.

The morning on which she died, a little while before she left the Tower, partaking of the sacrament, she solemnly declared her innocence of all for which she was to die, but in that last speech on the scaffold she neither protested or denied it.

They dressed her like a queen to the last. She wore that morning of her execution a robe of black damask, with a deep white cape falling over it, and a small hat set upon the beautiful hair that was

always floating like a loose cloud around her face.

With her own hands she took off hat and cape, and placed the linen cap upon her head. The bitterness of death must have been past then. If she had a final pang of regret at leaving the world, it must have been for the little girl, two years and eight months old, who was prattling her English tongue away off in the deep country quiet, under Lady Margaret Bryan's care, and who was to wear in such honor and glory the crown for which her mother had paid her life.

In that last moment she was very calm, laying her head down softly as though she were going to sleep on the scaffold. "She had a little neck," she told the Tower keeper that morning, putting her hands about it with an odd laugh.

When a single gun was fired from the Tower, Henry, waiting in the woods, knew that all was over. Then he put spurs to his horse, and swept away to join his new bride at Wolf-Hall.

So, for Anne Boleyn, that ride from the Tower to Westminster Abbey, with all the splendor and pageantry, with the tapestried streets, and the pealing guns, and the stormy music, and the shouting people, had led three years later to this, to the scaffold on the Tower green, and the deadly glitter of the headsman's axe in the bright May morning.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSESIWAY POTTS.

No. VIII.

I WROTE to Sister Joel the other day to know how she made those delicious little sugar cakes that I found in the bottom of my basket, when I was returning from a visit to her Western house, years ago. This is the recipe. One cup of white sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sour cream, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of soda, season to taste, mix lightly, roll on the cake-board, sprinkle with grated loaf sugar, turn it over, cut out and bake quickly in an oven not too hot. Bake so they will be light-colored.

She also added a recipe for ginger cakes, a kind that will keep a long while, and that is what every woman should have on hand all the time for poor shacks, and for growing boys who are always hungry, and as ready to eat as an ostrich is. Take two cups of molasses, one and a half cups of lard, two cups of sour milk, or water, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, mix, roll thin, and lay on buttered pans, and bake quickly.

The time of the runaway, one of the ribs of my umbrella got very badly twisted. I still used it though, but last Sabbath at church I heard one fellow say to another: "my eye though! do look at that old veteran of an umbarill! it looks as though it had come out o' Noer's ark!" So I told granny I

wouldn't be the means o' doin' anything to distract people's attention off sacred things, on the Lord's day, and last Monday I took it down to the tin shop. It was lonely sitting there, and I went into the store joining the shop. While I was there the merchant's wife and sister came sailing in, ribbons and laces a-flying, and flowers and plumes a nodding.

"Where are you going now?" said the merchant to his wife.

"Well the day turned out so fine and beautiful that Minta and I concluded we'd go out into the country some place a-visiting; we're both hungry for spring chickens and good country cream, ha, ha! after such a long cold winter as we had. It will do us both good to get a sniff of fresh air, and hear the birds sing, and get a taste of the other folks' victuals," and she sailed across the store with her pretty dress, like a puff of vapor, enveloping her languid figure.

"Where'd you conclude to go?" said he, listlessly, as he measured off two yards of gingham for a poor customer for a sunbonnet.

"We thought we'd go to old man Harper's this afternoon; he's deaf as a post, but Minta says for the sake of the chickens and cream we can worry through one half day;" and the lady winked, and smiled knowingly at Minta.

"Oh, dear, I dread the walk!" said Minta, "it

must be nearly a mile over there; but then the recompense, the chickens and cream, and the fun of hearing the old lady tell about, 'when my Jeems was a baby,' and when he cut his teeth, and had the measles, and saw the wild cat, etc., etc., oh, dear! oh, dear!" and she closed her eyes with laughter and clapped her pretty hands like a sentimental dreamer.

Just then who should come into the store with a heavy basket of eggs, and a pail of butter, but Rose Harper, the only daughter in the family where the ladies were going that afternoon.

The beads of sweat stood on the girl's forehead, and her little brown hands were trembling from very weariness.

"Why, Rosy! how do you do, dear!" said one of the ladies, extending the tips of her dainty fingers. Now, Rose Harper is a girl of good sense, I'd trust her judgment as quick as I would Deacon Potts's, so I leaned back against the big hat box, and waited to see what I'd see. She has a good common-school education, is not a bit proud, is fearless and brave, and truly womanly; indeed she was in all ways superior to the ladies present.

"We were just starting to your house to spend the afternoon," said Minta. "We want to see Father Harper, once again, and hear the blessed voice of your dear old mother, and to breathe the pure, fresh country air; last winter was so wearisome, and all this spring we have been so tied down at home."

"I am sorry, Miss Minta, but to tell the truth, it would not be convenient for us to have visitors this afternoon," said poor, tired, little Rose, looking her full in the face. "We have hands at work in the lower field to day, and I must do an ironing as soon as I go home. This forenoon I did a-churning of six gallons of cream, boiled a web of muslin, and laid it out to bleach, took up the dining-room carpet, and have cooked, washed dishes, swept, and have skimmed and scalded all the milk pans. Mother's not able to be out of the rocking chair to-day—and our window curtains all are down and in the ironing, and everything seems out of order."

"You know we have a good deal of work to do, mother can't stand much and so it all falls on me. I milk four fresh cows myself, and have a good deal to do, but by dint of economizing time, I manage to get along very well. It leaves me no leisure to sit and visit though, and no time to read, only after night. I am frank with you, but I do just as I wish you'd do with me—deal honestly, and candidly, and tell the truth. I'll send you word sometime when mother is feeling real well, and when I am not so crowded with work; but I must hurry now—good-afternoon," and she snatched up her pail and basket—there was a little flirt of the hems of her white skirts in the doorway, and the truthful, little, wise woman, Rose Harper, had tripped off homeward.

"Well, I do declare! did you ever! ever!" said the merchant's wife.

"Cool—cooler—coolest!" said the pretty Minta, and a devil looked out of her eyes.

"There's a little spit-fire for you!" said the man

at the helm; "there is audacity! how do you feel to-day, ladies? she cut ye up pretty fine, didn't she? I vow I'd see her in Davy Jones' locker before I'd ever speak to her again! Why the little sunburnt country snipe! she has no more of good breeding, and knows no more of where she belongs than our dog Carlo, there. If she didn't set you down plumply though! I swear, I can hardly believe my eyes and ears! The likes of her! she don't seem to feel but that she is as good as the best of ye. My! but she does put on dignity—that's rich! the little termagant! I pity the man who marries her! but how did you relish the spring chicken, girls? eh, ho ho-ho-ho! and his laugh rang out broadly.

I was tickled. I didn't know whether to say anything or not. They seemed to ignore my presence entirely. I sat there with my calash thrown back—the dear little kitten with pink bows in its ears had jumped up into my lap and heetled down, and I let my fingers slip over its furry back in an aimless way, as though my thoughts were not about kittens, or visiting ladies, or little Rose Harpers.

"Gracious me! one'd 'a' thought the Harper's would feel glad to have us visit them! I don't see why they need feel so important," said Minta, "they're not very well off, and they've nothing to feel so grand over!" so the two women talked while their eyes were bright and glittering with shame and anger. I did wish they'd say to me; "what do you think about this Miss Potts?" I'd 'a' given them a piece o' my mind, quicker. Just then the boy from the tin-shop brought in my umbrella mended up as good as new; charge—five cents, but he was a poor boy, the only son of a widow, so I generously paid him six cents.

As I walked home I thought to myself, what a pity it was that all women, the world over, were not as clear sighted and brave and true as dear, little, honest Rose Harper. What a world of trouble it would save us! How many lessons of deception it would keep from our growing daughters—how much of honest dignity and independence it would give us all—how systematical would our household labors become—how much of the fear and dread that haunts us now would never come a-nigh us! we would be our own masters instead of the craven sneaks, custom makes us, per force. It would put an end to having visitors you don't like—to a species of servitude you loathe—it would loosen shackles that we women have worn from time immemorial. Musing thus, stopped under a crab-apple tree, a heap of fragrant, foamy bloom, to catch my breath, and inhale the delicious odor.

While I stood there, looking up, and sniffing great, extravagant sniffs, and admiring the scenery and listening to the dreamy hum of the myriads of happy bees almost lost in the tangle of mingled pink and white, old Granny Greenstreet's "man," as she calls her husband, came along with a wheelbarrow load of nice, tender rhubarb stalks.

I said; "how's granny to-day, Uncle Greeny?" that's what I always call him.

"Oh, fair to middlin', barrin' a few twinges of her rheumatiz," said he. "She out an' got all this plant this afternoon, to send to Issachar's wife."

"I don't see what on earth his wife 'll do with all this load of rhubarb," I said, with surprise.

"She uses a heap o' truck, one way an' 'nother," said he; "she's a'most allus a-makin' ruthin' to eat—she likes good things; she often sends me an' mother a pie, or a couple o' tarts, or a glass o' jelly, or a bowl o' preserves, or the like. I guess she's goin' to make jelly o' some o' these, an' preserve some with oranges, an' can some, an' make pies o' the rest. Yes, Issachar's wife's a stavin' woman; he did well when he married Dassa Henderson, an' she did just as well when she got Iss. Greenstreet, if I do say it myself—I, as hadn't ort ter," and the trembly old man cleared his throat, and adjusted the lopping rim of his hat, preparatory to starting on his way.

I said I didn't know that rhubarb could be made into preserves, and if it wasn't too much trouble, I did wish he'd tell Dassa to write down her recipe, and let him bring it to me as he came back, 'cause he'd be passing our house, anyhow, and it would be no trouble at all.

The poor old man came back just as we were sitting down to supper. He was tired, and I made him sit up to the table and take a cup of tea. We had chicken for supper—cold chicken warmed over.

I'll tell you what we had that evening, it was a picked-up supper, then you'll know, maybe, how to get a meal sometimes, when you've nothing to get. There was only a small bowlful of fowl, gravy and all, left from the day before.

I put the contents of the bowl into a kettle with nearly a teacupful of boiling water. I then looked into the cupboard, to see what was there that I could add to it, to eke out a meal. There was perhaps half a pint of boiled rice, a little butter-plateful of sliced fried potatoes, two crusts of bread—the first and last cuts off the loaf, one slice of fried beef, and two cold boiled eggs. I broke up the crusts of bread, cut into little bits the piece of steak, sliced the boiled eggs, and added all to the remnant in the kettle, except the potatoes. I put in salt, a good lump of butter and a sprinkle of pepper and a pint of sweet cream, being careful not to allow it to come to a boil. Last of all, I added the potatoes, because I didn't want them to cook all to pieces. The poor old man had no teeth, and he thought the dish was, as Swiss family Robinson's things always were, "most excellent." I was delighted to see the dear old laddie eat with such a relish. He brought me Dassa's recipe 'way down in the bottom of his deepest pocket, wrapped all up in his handkerchief.

I never tried it yet, but if I do, I will leave out a part of the orange-peel. Take six oranges, peel and take away the white rind and seeds, slice the pulp into the stew-pan along with the peel cut very small, add a quart of rhubarb, cut fine, and from a pound to a pound and a half of loaf sugar. Boil as for other preserves.

Dassa makes a jelly of rhubarb and elderberry

juices, mixed; and of rhubarb alone, flavored with lemon—both said to be nice.

I care the most for currants. When I make all the currant jelly we need, I always save the balance of the juice, in half-gallon self-sealing jars. It will keep for years, and can be made up any time. I think dried-apple pies would never have fallen into disrepute if currant juice had been added to the fruit while stewing. It really makes dried-apple pies quite as good as tart green apples would. Try it, and see.

An excellent jam is made of ripe currants and ripe raspberries, cooked well, together with the usual amount of sugar required for jams. Don't allow your ripe currants to be wasted, then, if you have more than you and your neighbors need. Can the juice, and save it.

Currants can likewise be candied, or dried after cooking in syrup, and be used in cake.

A lady friend of mine says the most delicious jam she makes is made of currant juice and raspberries. One pint of juice, one pound of berries, and two pounds of sugar.

Sometimes a taint, almost imperceptible, will be found on the chicken killed yesterday, and meant for dinner to-day, or on the last of the steak in the bottom of the jar. If it is a really suspicious taint, real decomposition, throw it away; but, if not, it can easily be removed in boiling. When you put it on to cook, take cold water, into which you have put a few lumps of charcoal, tied up in a thin white cloth. After it has boiled awhile take out the charcoal. The meat will be found all right. In cooking corned beef or pork, or a boiled dinner, if the smell annoys you, and you have to keep out of the kitchen, it will be found effectual to put a bit of red pepper in the boiling pot, say twice the size of your thumb-nail.

There is nothing we women desire more, while we are canning and pickling and preserving, than to know a sure way of canning green corn; but we have found it to be of no use, haven't we? Dear, me! how those burst-open cans did smell! you all know.

I have been told by good housewives, who know from experience, that the only way we persistent women can save green corn without putting down in salt, or drying it, is to cut it off the cob and cook it long and well with tomatoes—say half and half—adding a little salt. Then, when used in the winter, we can put in pepper, butter and cream, and it will taste, perhaps, quite corn-y.

Another way is, to cut it off the same as for succotash, and put it down in jars or crocks, in layers, with salt. Press down closely, put a plate and a weight on top, to keep it under the brine that will come.

Another way is to make brine in a barrel, as for meat, and put into it the ears of sugar corn, with two or three layers of the husk left on. Then put on weights to keep the corn under, and cover the barrel.

When used, soak the ears all night after removing the husk, and boil in a large pot of water, which must be changed once in boiling.

Then corn can be dried out in the sun enough in one day, by giving it your attention, that it can be put in a paper sack and laid close to the kitchen stove-pipe to finish the job.

Green beans and peas can be shelled, scalded well and put down in layers of salt the same as green corn.

We were talking last night, the deacon and granny and I, about liars. We had learned from observation that every lying father or mother bequeaths this inheritance to some one or all of his or her children. Now this is very sad to dwell upon, and is a subject that parents should take to heart. We could not name a liar, man, woman or child, whom we knew, but, back of that unfortunate one was a lying parent, and behind him another parent-liar, and so on.

How sacred the obligation that parents look well to the inheritance they give their children—not the gift of money or lands, but the pernicious inheritance whose roots strike into the blood, whose growth is inevitable, whose results are for life and for eternity. Think of this, ye whose children lie upon your breasts, and climb upon your knees, and look up to you, and hang upon your words and trust you so implicitly. Oh, their beautiful and loving faith! let it not be shaken.

Grandma was telling us one of her best stories on the subject we were discussing, when the dog, Steven, gave a series of yelps. We heard a "Hallo, Deacon Potts! hospitality—ahoy!"

Father went to the door. Grandma instinctively felt of her cap border to see if it was plumb, while I sat back the chairs and put down the window-curtains.

"I do hope it is no old brother and sister, tired and hungry and out o' sorts, come to tarry with us," said I, a little fretfully.

"We must turn from no one, Pipsey, especially if they be of the household of faith—no matter what persuasion they may belong to," said granny, a little severely, I thought, and with a very sanctified arching of her eye-brows.

Now I never was angry with her in my life, but really, just for one minute, I thought she was the ugliest old woman outside of the poor-house. Really I did, and I confess it to my shame.

There was a shuffling of feet in the doorway; and sure enough it was a little Baptist delegation who had come to "tarry within the gates." I don't know just what those last words mean, but I think they sound so sleek I'll use them at a venture.

Father led the way with his head up, as big as though he was a candidate for county commissioner.

"Brother Leveret, this is Mother Potts; and this is my oldest daughter, Pipeissaway," said father.

The brother was still outside the door digging away at the imaginary dirt on his heels; but as soon as he heard his name called, he broke into the house

and shook hands with us both as vigorously as though he was pumping water to put out a fire.

"How do you do, grandmother? How's times with ye?" said he to me.

"Yon is the grandmother; this is my eldest born, my Pipeissaway," said father, with a gorgeous wave of the hand.

"Oh, excuse me! How do you flourish, Miss Pizziway?" said he.

"Like a green bay tree, thank you," I replied, with dignity.

Just on this blundering brother's heels came in, as gracefully as he knew how, our friend Elder Nutt, whom I mentioned in connection with the runaway that father and I had a few months ago. He shook hands warmly. They had both been to tea at Brother Hammond's on the ridge road. So I didn't have to get supper for them. I was glad of it, too.

We spent a very pleasant evening together. While father and Brother Leveret and granny talked over the affairs of their several churches, Elder Nutt and I sat at the other end of the room by the table, and we turned through the photograph album several times.

Now some people will whirl through an album and never look twice at any picture; they are not observant, they let slip many opportunities for improving their immortal minds; but not so with Elder Nutt. He is like the "little busy bee that doth improve each shining hour, and gathers honey all the time from every opening flower." He finds good in all things; sermons in trees, and books, and stones, something worth while in all things created. His critical eyes—I should have said eye—lingered long upon each picture; he commented upon their attitudes in a kindly spirit, and with a poet's appreciation. One picture he admired more than any other, that of two little girls, sisters, standing alone together, with their hands clasped, their arms crossed in a way that the right hand of one clasped the left hand of the other, and the other hand vice versa. He said it was so unique, or antique, or something. The attitude was suggestive of a pleasant trick, or some kind of sleight of hand. After he had looked through the album, we examined the pictures in the old Book of Martyrs, and he said some very pointed remarks about the heroism of those brave men.

The elder reads poetry, too. He read "John Gilpin's Ride," and Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane." He laughed immoderately over them, especially the former. He doesn't read very well; there is no pathos in his voice; he clips off the finest sentences, and leaves them without the finish that a good reader would give them. There is a nose-y twang to his enunciation that takes away all the beauty, and if one looks at him, his torn, red eye, gaping like an open mouth, strips the poem and the reader of all sentiment.

Granny says I am visionary, but I know that I am intensely practical.

After they were gone, the next morning, the girls plagued me about the elder, and said he watched me

out of his winsome eye all the time, but I guess he didn't watch me any more than I did him; he-he, he-he! I always look at people when I talk to them, it is good manners.

I think granny needn't call me a visionary. I don't want to tell of our private home life, the things that should be sacred, but I must tell a little joke at granny's expense.

There are two dainty bits of statuary on brackets in our sitting-room, one a Cupid, the other a little flower girl.

One day last week while the girls and I were down at Parker's meadow, gathering bouquets of grasses—the most magnificent I ever saw—our dear, simple grandmother went and made a pair of blue drilling trousers and put on the little naked Cupid.

The girls and I just tumbled down on the carpet and laughed.

The sweet old lady—we didn't laugh at her—we dare not, we so heartily respect her, but Cupid, the little darling, was transformed into a real money-loving, sharp looking tradesman. The pantaloons didn't make a very good fit, they were a little baggy, and to make them appear genteel and fashionable we stuffed cotton into them and gave them a sense of fulness.

Granny is so good—she's just as innocent as skim-milk. Cupid shall wear his breeches out of respect to his granny until they are worn out, and then he shall have a new pair, so he shall, and the next pair shall be good lasting duck trousers.

One of the daughters of the wealthiest farmer in our neighborhood was here the other day, when we had a woman washing for us.

I said, "I declare, Ida, we forgot to buy a new washboard, and you know our old one has a bad break in it close to the lower end of it; poor Betty, that has troubled her, I fear, all day, to keep from tearing the clothes on that jagged place. We must not allow another week to pass without getting a new washboard."

"If it is not worn out badly, you know your papa can pry it apart and take out the zinc and turn the other end down, and with a little ingenuity make it quite as good as new," said the brisk little maid of all work. "That was the way father did with ours after the lower end was worn jagged. I saw a washboard thrown out into the street in town the other day that was a good deal better than our old one that father mended. I suppose the folks were like you, didn't know it could be made to last as long as it had lasted already."

"Thank you," I said; "you are really ingenious; tell me of something else new."

"I think of nothing else now, except that when a tin fruit-can is all good, only that the lid and the upper part has rusted so as to render it unfit to use for canning fruit any more, I turn it bottom side up on the stove, and let it remain there until it is so hot that it unsolders itself, then I smoothe over the rough edges, put a little wire bail across it, and use

it to stew fruit in. I have half a dozen of them. You know a tin stew-pan soon wears out if used much, and these handy little things are a very good substitute, besides the economy, and that is very gratifying to one's self conceit."

This same wise little body told me that though they lived close to the creek and the thick fog enveloped their house every morning, they contrived to dodge the ague, while all their neighbors were chattering and grappling with this relentless foe.

She said that about an hour before the chill or shake came on they went to bed with warm brick at their feet, and around their bodies, and then drank weak but hot pepper tea. She says about the time the usual chill comes on one experiences the most delicious languor—feels as though a soft bed and pepper tea and warm brick were the three desirable things in this life, wanting "only this and nothing more."

So there were three good things I learned from that sensible little girl—the bright, intelligent, practical daughter of a good old common-sense farmer.

IF WE KNEW.

IF we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbor's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath many a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a tale of woe,
And the cheeks tear stained and whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, "Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow-men."

Oh, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.—*Shakespeare.*

INSUBORDINATION; OR, THE SHOEMAKER'S DAUGHTERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER MOVEMENT.

"THE devil!" ejaculated Ike Wilson, with an indignant expression, as he sat rubbing the sole of a boot, one morning before breakfast.

"What's the matter, Ike?" asked Tom.

"Why, I'm mad, and can't get over it!"

"What are you mad about?"

"Something that Millie told me this morning."

"And what was that, Ike?" asked both the boys at once, pausing in their work.

"Why, I've found out the reason the best friend we ever had in this house has left it."

"Indeed! Who? Anne?"

"Of course."

"What was it, Ike?" was asked by both Tom and Bill, with an earnestness that indicated the strong interest they felt in the matter.

"You wouldn't guess in a month of Sundays. But I'll tell you. Millie says a young gentleman, Mr. Illerton, who keeps the dry goods store up street, came in one night when Gertrude and Geneva were out, and found Anne in the parlor. He was so pleased with her, that he sat and talked for half an hour. Somehow or other they found it out, and kicked up a row about it. They called her to her face a mean, low, hired girl, and wanted to know how she dared to stick herself up for a lady, and entertain their company."

"The devil!" ejaculated the two eager listeners, at the same moment.

"It's true as preaching! Millie says she listened at the parlor door, and heard it all."

"Well, if that don't beat the old Harry!" said Bill. "Now just look at it. Here's Anne Earnest, who's got as much beauty in her little finger, and as much sense in her toe nail, as Gertrude and Geneva have in their whole bodies, insulted and forced out of the house, because she happened to talk for half an hour with a man who had sense enough to be pleased with her, and who was foolish enough to keep their company."

"They're proud, stuck up fools, that's what they are," said Tom, with indignant warmth. "I'll never forgive them for this, now see if I do! While Anne was here, we did live a little kind of comfortable, and that's what we never did before. It makes my blood boil all through me!"

"I don't care so much for myself," broke in Ike. "But to have such a sweet, good girl abused and insulted in that kind of a style, is too much for me to bear. Here's my hand to your's, Tom, never to forgive 'em for it."

"And here's mine, too," said Bill, joining his hand to those of the two worthies in solemn compact.

"I've got the devil in me, I believe, and I don't care if I have. I could bite a ten penny nail in two." And he ground his teeth in impotent rage.

"I relished the corn bread and herrings, the salt beef and potatoes, well enough, after I saw her eat them so cheerfully," continued Ike; "but it made me mad to see her, the only lady in the house, forced to live on that kind of stuff, while them painted powder-monkeys up-stairs could hardly get things delicate enough for their dainty stomachs. How I wanted to blow out! But then every time I'd say anything about it, or sneer at them, before Anne, she would smile so sweetly while she checked me, that it made me love her. It was only for her sake that I kept in, for I wouldn't have done anything that she didn't want me to do for the world. But she's gone now, and it'll be strange if the devil ain't raised in this house before long."

"Yes, and she's gone to a better place, that's one consolation," added Tom. "Mrs. Webster is a lady, and will know how to treat one like Anne."

"That's true, Tom," said Ike, "and I'm glad in my heart that she's better off. But that don't make the old queen of Sheba up-stairs any better, confound her picture!"

"I've got an old grudge against her and all the rest," said Bill, "and I'll have it out with 'em if I die for it. I'm for striking while the iron's hot. A good deed is always done quickly."

"That's a fact," responded Ike, warmly.

"How shall we begin?" asked Tom.

"There'll be ways enough, and we'll not have to look long to find 'em," said Ike.

"Them herring begin to smell rather loud, I'm thinking," said Bill, turning up his nose with an expression of disgust.

"Yes; and if that butter we've had for the last week wasn't made before Noah's flood, my nose is no judge," added Tom.

"Come to breakfast," said Millie, poking her black face into the shop door, and showing a couple of rows of snow-white teeth, ginning from ear to ear.

Dropping a kit of tools on benches and floor in admirable disorder, our three worthies were drawing their chairs up to the kitchen table in one minute from the time Millie gave them notice that all was ready. Mrs. Hardamer was at the head of the table a place she had occupied for the last two days, Anne having been gone for that time. Three herrings, a small piece of butter and a plate of corn bread, made up the stereotyped meal. Ike passed the plate of bread around with an air that did not escape the ever active eye of Mrs. Hardamer, and which put her more on her guard in observing what was to follow.

"Have a turkey?" he said, cutting a herring in two, and offering a part to Bill.

"I'll take the tail, if you please," said Bill; and Ike shovelled the tail-end off upon his plate.

"Heads or tails, Tom?" continued Ike, cutting another herring in two.

"Tails," responded Tom.

"Tails it is," said Ike, scraping another half off the dish.

Mrs. Hardamer's blood went up to fever heat, at this piece of bold disregard for her presence.

"Come, mind what you are about, my young gentlemen!" she said, tartly, her face assuming the color of scarlet.

Ike turned out his cup of pale, lukewarm, rye-coffee, and lifting his saucer daintily to his lips, sipped a little, and then leisurely poured the fluid back into his cup, and replaced it in the saucer.

"What's the matter with your coffee, Ike?" said Mrs. Hardamer, unable to contain herself.

"I didn't say anything was the matter with it, ma'am," replied Ike, with a respectful air.

"Why don't you drink it, then?" she asked, in a loud, angry voice.

"Because it's so cold it turns my stomach!" said Ike, decidedly.

Just as Ike made this answer, Bill leisurely replaced his tail-end of the fish upon the plate from which he had received it, at the same time giving his nose a very perceptible curl upward.

"And, pray, what's the matter with your fish, Bill?" said the old lady, turning toward that worthy, with a fiery countenance.

"It ain't good, ma'am," said Bill.

"Ain't good, ha? And pray, sir, what ails it?"

"I should think it had hung in the yard rather long, ma'am."

"Do you know who you are talking to, sir? What do you mean?"

Just at this moment her eye detected a movement of Tom's, not to be mistaken. That gentleman was coolly and leisurely scraping off the smooth surface of his corn bread, the thin stratum of rancid, oleaginous matter, which had been dignified by the name of butter, and depositing it on the edge of his plate, while an expression of ill-concealed disgust sat upon his countenance. This was like fire to gunpowder, and Mrs. Hardamer exploded with a loud noise. Having no desire to bandy words with their mistress, as that was, by no means, their game, the three chaps beat a quick retreat. But they were not to escape her so easily, for, following them into the shop, she poured upon them a volley of abuse, which quickly attracted the attention of Hardamer, and brought him at once to the spot.

"What's the matter here, ha?" he exclaimed, with an expression of both anger and alarm upon his countenance.

"Why, they've insulted me at the table," began Mrs. Hardamer, in a loud, shrieking voice, "and I won't bear it, the low-lived, dirty vagabonds! Talk

to me of spoilt fish, ha! Mighty dainty your stomachs have become all at once!"

"What does all this mean, I'd like to know?" now broke in Hardamer, looking fiercely toward the boys, who had hastily seated themselves, and were in the posture of bending over their work.

"Why, you see, Ike, there, the impertinent scoundrel! undertook to play off his pranks at the table, and Bill and Tom must both join him in it. One couldn't drink the coffee, another said the fish was spoiled, and Tom, there, turned up his nose at the butter."

"You villain! what do you mean?" said Hardamer, losing all command of his feelings.

"We didn't mean to insult Mrs. Hardamer," replied Ike, in a respectful tone.

"You did!—you did!—you lying vagabond!" said Mrs. Hardamer, breaking in upon him. "How dare you put on that sanctified face about it?"

"Indeed, then, ma'am, we did not."

"Hush up your tongue, you puppy you!" responded the old lady, wrought up to a high pitch of indignation.

"Come, come!—enough of this!" said Hardamer, impatiently, "I want to know the truth of this matter."

"The truth of the matter, indeed! The truth of the matter! What do you mean by the truth of the matter, sir? I want to know if I haven't told you the truth of the matter? A pretty pass, indeed, when you talk to me about the truth of the matter!"

"If you want me to settle this affair, madam," said Hardamer, to his wife, in a low tone, not so low, however, but that the boys heard it distinctly—"you must go into the house, and let me alone. I've heard your story, and now I'll hear theirs."

Mrs. Hardamer turned upon him with increased fury, and he at once left her in full possession of the field. After berating the boys for five minutes longer, all of which they stood with silent heroism, she retired, still full of wrath, to her own part of the house.

"She's keen, now, ain't she?" said Bill, as soon as she was fairly beyond earshot.

"Keen as a razor!" responded Ike.

"A whole team!" added Tom.

"I wonder what old Lignumvitæ will do, any how?" he continued. "The queen has got her back up as round as a cat's, and, I'm thinking, we can easily creep under it, and escape with whole skins."

"Never fear; the old chap's had a taste of our quality, and, it's my opinion, that he don't care to have another," said Ike.

"He will have another taste, though; and not only a taste, but a good bottle full; and if he don't get drunk on it, it'll not be our fault, I'm thinking," said Bill.

"What's all this fuss about, ha?" said the individual just alluded to, in an angry voice, suddenly breaking in upon the young plotters of insubordination.

"Do you hear, you young scoundrels?" he con-

tinned, after a moment's pause, seeing that none showed a disposition to respond to his interrogation.

"Ike, what's been the matter?" he now said, addressing the ringleader in the mischief.

"I didn't do anything sir, but turn my coffee back into my cup, and refuse to drink it. Millie always sends on the table such lukewarm, watery stuff, that I can't get it down any longer. I tried this morning, but indeed, sir, I couldn't drink it," said Ike, in a respectful manner.

"And what caper is this you've been cutting up, ha?" he said, turning angrily toward Bill.

"I didn't do nothing; only I couldn't eat the herrings, for they were tainted. Millie let's them hang up in the sun until they're clear spoilt, sometimes. She don't care how we get our victuals."

Even to this Hardamer felt no disposition to reply, and he addressed Tom.

"You turned up your nose at the butter, did you? I know that to have been downright impudence, for I always buy the best of fresh butter in market twice a week."

"We don't get that butter, though," said Ike, speaking up, "Millie always takes it out of the keg of cooking-butter; and, you know, that is strong enough to knock down an ox."

"Confound that nigger!" said Hardamer, at once retiring and making his way to the kitchen.

"Didn't we ease it off on poor Millie, though?" said Ike, exultingly. "That was done to a charm! It's a good rule, and we ought to adopt it, never to throw blame on a man's wife."

"It'll be better times, now, I'm thinking," said Tom. "Old Lignumvite's a little mad with the queen, and he'll reform matters, if it's only in spite. After awhile we'll give him a little more to do. It will never do to eat corn bread and drink rye coffee much longer. We're just as good as they are, and work to support 'em, and it's not fair to put us off on slops."

"We'll reform that matter when we once begin. Slow and sure must be our motto," said Tom.

Upon investigation, Hardamer found that there was real cause of complaint, and, this being the case, he thought it best to pass over the rude conduct of his boys toward Mrs. Hardamer. She was indignant at the censure which she received, and declared that it was "good enough for 'em, and as good as they'd get."

"It's no use for you to talk, Sally," responded Hardamer, to her indignant threat of keeping them on the old fare. "The boys work hard, and must be attended to. Besides, they're beginning to feel their age, and if things shouldn't go on pretty smoothly, they'd as lief clear out as not; and their loss, let me tell you, would be no light matter."

"Put a beggar on horseback, and he'll ride to—you know where!" said Mrs. Hardamer. "If you go to giving in to their insolent demands, the house'll soon be too small to hold us all, I can tell you. Give 'em an inch, and they'll take an ell. You must make 'em toe the mark all the while, or they'll go

zigzag, like a worm-fence. I'm astonished at you, Mr. Hardamer."

Hardamer felt, in some degree, the force of what she said. But he stood in this unpleasant predicament. He had treated his boys like slaves, while they were small, and, now, from having no respect for him, they had ceased to fear him. In their first act of insubordination, they had conquered him, and he felt that his power over them was at an end. From the very necessity of his position, he was compelled to regard their comfort. Yet, at the same time, he felt that the young rebels would not be contented with the power they had already gained. Not disposed, however, to take much share of the blame to himself, he replied to his wife's last remark:

"It's just as bad to hold the rein too tight, as to let it go loose. While I have been trying to keep things in a right trim, you have been galling the boys in the tenderest places, by not giving them palatable food. I don't blame 'em for not eating them herrings, and I wouldn't have given that butter to a dog!"

"It was all good enough for the discontented vagabonds! Do they think we can afford to feed them on pound-cake!" said Mrs. Hardamer, warmly.

"I tell you it was *not* good enough, madam," replied the husband, much excited.

"Well, I tell you how it *was*, sir," responded his high-tempered wife.

"Go to—" But he kept in the angry word, and retreated in disorder to the front shop, where he resumed his work at the boot he had been dressing up, and choked in his indignation as best he could. Mrs. Hardamer, it will be perceived, has as much need as the boys to understand rightly the meaning of the word subordination.

In a few evenings Mr. Illerton again called upon the Misses Hardamer, as they liked to be called, in hopes of again catching a sight of Anne, in whom his interest began steadily to increase. On that day she had left her uncomfortable retreat for something like a home, with a lady, in the true sense of the word—a Mrs. Webster. No allusion could, of course, be made to her by Mr. Illerton; and, after sitting an hour, he retired, without, of course, catching a glance of the one he so much desired to see.

"Do you see that, now?" said Gertrude, after he had gone; "that forward huzzy has ruined us with Mr. Illerton. All I could do, I couldn't interest him, and he has gone off in a little or no time since he came in."

"I could see her gibbeted!" exclaimed Geneva, in return, who had also began to look with favorable eyes upon the young merchant, whose real wealth rumor was beginning to exaggerate. "But she'll come to no good—that's one consolation."

"I do assure you, you wrong Anne, as I have said before," remarked Genevieve, earnestly.

"No one asked for your opinion!" responded Geneva, snappishly.

"It is not kind in you to talk so to me, Genevra," said Genevieve, mildly. "I only speak of Anne as

I believe, and I have had some little chance to know her."

"And I suppose you justify her insolence in sticking herself up to entertain our company," said Gertrude, sneeringly.

"I must confess, Gertrude, that I do not, and cannot view her conduct in the light that you do, and therefore must say so," replied Genevieve.

"Now, ain't that too bad?"

"But, in sober reason, Gertrude, I cannot understand in what Anne was to blame, or in what consists her great inferiority."

"I've no patience to talk to you!" said Gertrude, passionately. "If you choose to put yourself on a level with such as her, you can do it; but you can depend upon it, I am not going to keep company with any such characters."

"There is no use, Gertrude, in getting excited about this," said Genevieve, mildly. "Certainly, as sisters, we ought to talk upon any subject without growing angry, or calling hard names. I, for one, have no wish to do so, and will not do so, no matter what you may say to me."

"That's all very well," remarked Gertrude, in a less excited tone, "but it requires patience to hear you take the part of that dirty trollop."

"Indeed indeed, Gertrude, you are wrong in using such language about a girl who has not been guilty of any impropriety of which she is sensible," said Genevieve.

"Don't talk to her, Gertrude," said Geneva, indignantly. "She's no better, in my opinion, than Anne."

"I should be glad, Geneva, if I were half as good as Anne," remarked Genevieve, in a calm voice.

"Didn't I tell you so?" responded that young lady.

"In sober earnestness, I should like to know in what you consider Anne so far beneath respect," said Genevieve. "I am afraid you have, what I had, once, too many false notions of true elevation of character. In the external circumstances that surround us, there can be nothing truly honorable, apart from internal excellence. If, within, there be not purity of affection and uprightness of thought, there can be no real superiority. Elevation in society, is, in most cases, the accident of birth. If our father had been very poor, could we have helped it? His being better off than others, can, therefore, impart no merit to us."

"You're a fool!" said Gertrude.

"Ain't you ashamed, Gertrude?" said Geneva.

"No, I am not ashamed! Genevieve talks like a fool, and always was one. Would anybody but a fool have married that worthless vagabond, Anderson, and thus brought disgrace upon the family? It's all very pretty for her to talk about her change of views—but I'm not to be taken in by such gull-nets. She's like the fox that lost his tail; very anxious to bring us down to her level. But she's mistaken if she expects to fool me."

A tear stole out, and rolled over the cheek of Genevieve. The cruel remark of her sister, in reference to her husband she felt keenly and deeply. Something of returning tenderness, more genuine than anything she had yet felt, had warmed up her heart, since better thoughts and better feelings had found a place in her mind, and she had begun to entertain the hope of one day seeing him a changed man, and of being to him a true wife, and finding him a true husband. She did not again attempt to allude to the subject, that had induced the unkind remark; for she felt that it would be useless to do so. In a few minutes she left the parlor, and retired to her own room.

"I am ashamed of you, Gertrude! How could you talk so?" said Geneva, as soon as her sister had withdrawn.

"Let her mind her own business, then," replied Gertrude. "She's disgraced herself, and now wants to bring us all down to her level. I've no patience with her?"

"We may not find Genevieve so wrong in the end, in what she says, it kind of strikes me. Though I cannot approve of her taking sides with that forward minx, there is no doubt but that she is greatly changed, and is not half so irritable as she used to be. In this we might take from her a useful lesson. The time was, Gertrude, when she would not have taken from you so calmly what she did to-night."

"She's only mortified at the figure she cuts as a grass-widow; that's all the change I see about her. And I'm mortified to death about it, too."

"Well, if you are, Gertrude, I don't see that it has as good an effect upon you, as it has upon her." "I don't want any of your preaching, miss, so just shut up your fly-trap!" and, with this lady-like speech, the elegant and accomplished Miss Gertrude Hardamer swept out of the room in proud disdain.

CHAPTER VI.

MORE ABOUT ANNE EARNEST.

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This remark was occasioned by a short sketch of the scene that occurred in Mrs. Hardamer's parlor, on the night Anne was taken so seriously to task by the mother and daughters; a sketch given at the request of Mrs. Webster, who had, from a word inadvertently dropped by Anne, suspected that she had not been rightly treated.

"It happened just as I have stated it, madam," said Anne.

"I have no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Webster. "My question was only indicative of surprise. But who was the young man, Anne?"

"His name, I believe, was Illerton."

"Illerton?" said Mrs. Webster, in a tone of sur-

prise. "Does he keep a dry goods store on Market Street?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not know anything about him. He seemed like a gentleman; and, my impression of him, derived from hearing him converse for half an hour, has made me wonder, more than once, how he could be interested in either Gertrude or Geneva."

Mrs. Webster was silent for some minutes, and then changed the subject. She was the widow of a rich merchant, who, in dying, had left a very large property entirely under her control. She had three children, all boys, the oldest only about twelve years of age. She was, in every respect, a lady—finely educated, and externally accomplished. But her external accomplishments were not the mere holiday garments of "made ladies"—they were the true expressions of internal graces. In Anne, she soon perceived the excellencies of a true and tried spirit; and her heart moved toward her with a pure, maternal tenderness. The more she saw of her, the more she perceived to admire and to love.

One evening, about a week after this conversation, while Anne was engaged in reading to Mrs. Webster and the children, a gentleman was announced by the servant as being in the parlor; and Mrs. Webster withdrew, leaving Anne with the children.

"Why, how do you do, Henry? I'm glad to see you," said Mrs. Webster, extending her hand to a fine-looking young man, who met her in the parlor. "You're really a stranger. I have not seen you for a month. You must not neglect your mother's old friend, Henry, or she will get jealous."

"Indeed, Mrs. Webster, I do owe an apology for my neglect. But I've been a little interested of late; and, you know, when a young man is interested in a certain way he is apt to neglect his old friends."

"You're quite ready with a confession, Henry; but I think I'm a little ahead of you. You consider Miss Hardamer quite an interesting young lady. Am I not right?"

"Not exactly," replied the young man, somewhat confused. "But how in the world did you know that I went there?"

"You see that I know, Henry, and you will have to be content with that, at present. But, seriously, Henry, if all I hear about the daughters of Mr. Hardamer be true, I cannot greatly admire your taste."

"Seriously, then, Mrs. Webster, I neither admire nor respect them."

"Then why do you go there?"

"I've got a little adventure to tell you, and when you hear that, you will understand why I have continued to go there. As far as the young ladies are concerned, I have not the least inclination to visit the house. But I called there one evening, shortly after I had been introduced to the girls, and they happened to be out. In their place I found one of the sweetest young creatures I have ever met—so beautiful, so graceful, so modest! I was so charmed with her, that, notwithstanding her evident uneasiness

at being compelled to entertain a perfect stranger, I sat for half an hour in her company. On retiring, I was bold enough to ask her name, which she gave without hesitation."

"And what was it?" asked Mrs. Webster.

"Anne Earnest," replied the young man. "On the next evening I called again, in hopes of learning more about the interesting stranger. On asking for her, I was told, with a sneer, that she was only their hired sewing-girl; and they were in high disdain at the idea of her presuming to entertain their company. I have called several times since, in hopes of getting another glimpse of her, but in vain. Last night I ventured to mention her name, and to ask for her. 'We've turned her out of the house, the presuming hussy!' said one of the young ladies, with indignant warmth; 'for we had reason to suspect her of too much intimacy with improper persons.'"

"Is it possible?" exclaimed Mrs. Webster, in unfeigned astonishment, completely thrown off of her guard.

"It is true," responded the young man, looking a little surprised at the feeling exhibited by Mrs. Webster. "And I am sure that she has been thus treated on my account, and it distresses me exceedingly. How gladly would I search her out, if I could only get the clue. What would you advise me to do, Mrs. Webster—for really I am not able to decide for myself?"

"Why, my advice would be, Henry, for you to act with your usual caution and prudence in this matter. You don't know anything about this Miss Earnest, and might involve yourself in an improper acquaintance."

"But I could swear to her innocence, Mrs. Webster."

"You are really more romantic than I had thought you, Henry. Having withstood so many assaults from the little god, it is rather amusing to find you taken at last in the meshes of an obscure and unknown sewing girl."

"You may laugh, if you choose, Mrs. Webster, but I know your impressions would have been as favorable as mine, if you had seen her. I wonder who she can be, and where she has found a home?"

"But, seriously, Henry, don't you see that you are running off a little wildly? What would your mother and sisters say to your bringing home a mere sewing-girl, of unknown or of obscure family, and presenting her as your wife?"

"My mother and sisters are sensible women, and know how to appreciate virtue, be it found in palace or cottage; among high-born ladies or humble maidens."

"Then you are really serious, Henry?"

"Of course I am."

"Thinking about marrying a girl you know nothing of, and have never seen but once?"

"Strange as it may seem, Mrs. Webster, that is the very direction my thoughts are taking. But I am sure that she is pure and good, as I am that she is prudent and intelligent. I cannot be deceived. I

I believe, and I have had some little chance to know her."

"And I suppose you justify her insolence in sticking herself up to entertain our company," said Gertrude, sneeringly.

"I must confess, Gertrude, that I do not, and cannot view her conduct in the light that you do, and therefore must say so," replied Genevieve.

"Now, ain't that too bad?"

"But, in sober reason, Gertrude, I cannot understand in what Anne was to blame, or in what consists her great inferiority."

"I've no patience to talk to you!" said Gertrude, passionately. "If you choose to put yourself on a level with such as her, you can do it; but you can depend upon it, I am not going to keep company with any such characters."

"There is no use, Gertrude, in getting excited about this," said Genevieve, mildly. "Certainly, as sisters, we ought to talk upon any subject without growing angry, or calling hard names. I, for one, have no wish to do so, and will not do so, no matter what you may say to me."

"That's all very well," remarked Gertrude, in a less excited tone, "but it requires patience to hear you take the part of that dirty trollop."

"Indeed indeed, Gertrude, you are wrong in using such language about a girl who has not been guilty of any impropriety of which she is sensible," said Genevieve.

"Don't talk to her, Gertrude," said Genevra, indignantly. "She's no better, in my opinion, than Anne."

"I should be glad, Genevra, if I were half as good as Anne," remarked Genevieve, in a calm voice.

"Didn't I tell you so?" responded that young lady.

"In sober earnestness, I should like to know in what you consider Anne so far beneath respect," said Genevieve. "I am afraid you have, what I had, once, too many false notions of true elevation of character. In the external circumstances that surround us, there can be nothing truly honorable, apart from internal excellence. If, within, there be not purity of affection and uprightness of thought, there can be no real superiority. Elevation in society, is, in most cases, the accident of birth. If our father had been very poor, could we have helped it? His being better off than others, can, therefore, impart no merit to us."

"You're a fool!" said Gertrude.

"Ain't you ashamed, Gertrude?" said Genevra.

"No, I am not ashamed! Genevieve talks like a fool, and always was one. Would anybody but a fool have married that worthless vagabond, Anderson, and thus brought disgrace upon the family? It's all very pretty for her to talk about her change of views—but I'm not to be taken in by such gull-nets. She's like the fox that lost his tail; very anxious to bring us down to her level. But she's mistaken if she expects to fool me."

A tear stole out, and rolled over the cheek of Genevieve. The cruel remark of her sister, in reference to her husband she felt keenly and deeply. Something of returning tenderness, more genuine than anything she had yet felt, had warmed up her heart, since better thoughts and better feelings had found a place in her mind, and she had begun to entertain the hope of one day seeing him a changed man, and of being to him a true wife, and finding him a true husband. She did not again attempt to allude to the subject, that had induced the unkind remark; for she felt that it would be useless to do so. In a few minutes she left the parlor, and retired to her own room.

"I am ashamed of you, Gertrude! How could you talk so?" said Genevra, as soon as her sister had withdrawn.

"Let her mind her own business, then," replied Gertrude. "She's disgraced herself, and now wants to bring us all down to her level. I've no patience with her?"

"We may not find Genevieve so wrong in the end, in what she says, it kind of strikes me. Though I cannot approve of her taking sides with that forward minx, there is no doubt but that she is greatly changed, and is not half so irritable as she used to be. In this we might take from her a useful lesson. The time was, Gertrude, when she would not have taken from you so calmly what she did to-night."

"She's only mortified at the figure she cuts as a grass-widow; that's all the change I see about her. And I'm mortified to death about it, too."

"Well, if you are, Gertrude, I don't see that it has as good an effect upon you, as it has upon her."

"I don't want any of your preaching, miss, so just shut up, or fly-trap!" and, with this lady-like speech, the elegant, and accomplished Miss Gertrude Hardamer swept out of the room in proud disdain.

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have seen too many young women in my time, and have known too many, not to be able to judge of any one after half an hour's acquaintance."

"Why, Henry!" said Mrs. Webster, "I never knew before that you were so vain of your discriminating powers. Most men are satisfied if they can find out a woman's real character after having lived with her some twenty years or more. But you can see quite through them in half an hour! You are really more of a novice in these affairs than I had thought you."

"No doubt I seem to you a little demented; but indeed I wish you could see this Miss Earnest. I'd be willing to leave the matter to your judgment, binding myself to abide the decision."

"Under these circumstances I might be willing to countenance your romantic love affair."

"But I cannot find out where she is. At Hardamer's I can, of course, learn nothing more about her," said the young man.

"Would you know her if you were to meet her anywhere?" said Mrs. Webster.

"Of course I would. Her sweet face is always before me, and her voice has been like music in my ears ever since."

"Really, Henry, I am concerned for you. I'm afraid Cupid has struck you in the eye, and partially blinded you."

"Perhaps he has, Mrs. Webster. But, if that be the case, it is not my fault if I see with a perverted vision."

"Well, Henry, I do not know how to advise you at present. But something may strike me, after I think about it; so I shall expect you to come and see me pretty often."

"I shall surely do that, Mrs. Webster; for there is no one else that I can talk to on the subject so near my heart."

"I was going to say that I was sorry that you had become so infatuated with this mysterious stranger; but, in this, perhaps, I would be wrong. I have, however, a young lady here, who is going to reside with me, I expect, for some time, and I did flatter myself that you would find her particularly interesting."

"Who is she, Mrs. Webster?" he asked, with an apparent interest.

"It's of no particular consequence—anything about another than the interesting stranger would have no particular interest for you," replied Mrs. Webster.

"Well, I can't say that it would," he said, indifferently.

"That is too bad, Henry! But I'll punish you for it, see if I don't."

"I'll trust to your tender mercies, madam," said the young man, smiling.

After her visitor had retired, Mrs. Webster returned to the sitting-room, and joined her family.

The reader has, of course, recognized in this visitor Mr. Illerton. Mrs. Webster now found herself placed in a new and responsible position. Although

her impressions in reference to Anne were of the most favorable character possible, yet she was too prudent a woman to be governed altogether by first impressions. Anne's statement of her interview with Illerton had not caused her a serious thought, but her conversation with the latter had awakened in her mind a lively concern; more especially, as the fact of Anne's being in her family, rendered her responsibility very great. For the present she resolved to do nothing, but to keep Illerton, if possible, ignorant of the fact that Anne was in the house, and trust to the developments of time.

Every day Anne became more and more endeared to her, until she began to look upon her with the fond and partial eyes of a mother. Above all, did she love her for the deep and confiding religious principles, by which her whole life was governed.

"Do you never doubt the providence of God, Anne, when passing through the clouds and the shadows?" she said, during one of the interesting conversations she was in the habit of holding with her.

"I have rarely doubted of late, Mrs. Webster," she replied, "though weak human nature has often shrunk and trembled, even as the patient will shrink and tremble when the physician probes a dangerous ulcer."

"I cannot say, with you, that I do not sometimes doubt," said Mrs. Webster.

"When we remember," resumed Anne, "that the Lord has taught us, in addressing him, to say 'Our Father,' we will see that there is really no cause for despondency, be the circumstances ever so much shadowed. In many places in the Bible we are alluded to under the tender name of children. 'Even as a father pitieth his children,' is the Lord represented as regarding us."

"It is a little strange, Anne, that while conscious of the truth given to us that the Lord is our Father, we cannot feel the child-like confidence that we ought to feel," said Mrs. Webster.

"Until we so fully approve of all that our Heavenly Father does, as to accept it in cheerful submission to His will, we cannot but suffer painful doubts when the day of trial arrives," replied Anne. "To do the truth willingly, is to love it; and when we love to do anything, its performance is delightful to us."

"But it is very hard, Anne, to do what is opposed to our selfish feelings."

"No one knows that better than I do, madam. But, without effort, we can gain no victories. The evil of self love is too deeply implanted in our minds to be easily removed. It requires a whole lifetime of temptations and combats, entered into with unflinching resolution."

"A view of the case that might well discourage a stout heart," said Mrs. Webster.

"Yes, if there were no delights to cheer and invigorate at every step. But no one is permitted to see any more of the evils that are in one than just enough to encourage to activity against them."

The lower profound of evils is mercifully hidden, until, from victory to victory, strength and confidence is gained to enter into combat with everything that opposes the descent into the heart of divine love from the Lord. And, after every victory, comes a season of delights and repose—when we can lie down, as it were, by cool fountains, amid shady retreats, with birds and flowers filling the air with music and fragrance. There is no delight, Mrs. Webster, that can equal the delight arising from a willing performance of duty."

"That is true, Anne; and if all of us went simply about discharging every present duty, leaving the past and the future alone, how much happier would we be."

"In that simple fact of doing our present duties," replied Anne, "must come all of our real happiness that ever can come. It is the great secret of happiness. But the prevailing misery in the world shows how far the true principle of living for happiness is departed from." * * *

"There is a little boy in the passage, who wants to see Miss Earnest," said a servant, entering the room, and interrupting the conversation.

"Bring him in here, then, Nancy," said Anne, who conjectured that it was her little friend from Mrs. Hardamer's.

"Why, Jimmy!—how do you do? I'm glad to see you!" she said, in the next minute, as a pale, meagre-looking boy, poorly clad, came forward with a timid and hesitating step, looking earnestly, at the same time, into the face of Mrs. Webster, with an expression that asked, as plain as words—"Am I wrong in coming here?"

"This is the little boy, Mrs. Webster, of whom I have told you," said Anne.

"Why haven't you been to see Anne before, my little fellow?" said Mrs. Webster, kindly. "I thought she told me that you liked her very much; or, at least, that you were in the habit of saying so."

"And, indeed, I do," said the child, his eyes filling with tears, "but I didn't like to come."

"You found courage at last, it seems," she replied, with an encouraging smile.

"Yes, ma'am. I wanted to see her so bad, that I at last ventured to come here."

"Anne must have been good to you, you seem to like her so well."

"Indeed, indeed, she was then! And, now, she's the only friend I've got," the tears again starting to his eyes.

"Well, it would be a pity to intrude upon two such firm friends; and so I will retire," said Mrs. Webster, smiling.

"And how have matters and things gone on since I left you, Jimmy?" asked Anne, after Mrs. Webster had left the room.

"Not like they did when you was there, Miss Anne. Nobody cares for us as you did. But then, we are all so glad you've got a better place, and wouldn't have you back again, to be abused and insulted as you were, for the world. But Genevra and Gertrude have got nothing by it, for Mr. Illerton

don't come there at all any more, and we know it's because he didn't find you there."

"Why, Jimmy! What are you talking about?" exclaimed Anne, taken by surprise, for she had never mentioned to any one in the house, the unpleasant interview between her and Mrs. Hardamer.

"But who told you that I was abused and insulted?" she added.

"Why, Millie heard it all, and told us about it. It would have done your heart good to have heard how the boys went on. Ike, and the rest of 'em, say they'll make the house too hot to hold 'em all, now you, the only friend they ever had there, have been forced to go away."

"Indeed, Jimmy, I hope the boys won't do anything wrong on my account," she said, with much concern.

"They've got a standing grudge against the whole family, and are going to have it out, now you ain't there to hold 'em back, as you used to do," replied the little boy.

"But you are not going to have anything to do with it, Jimmy?"

"Oh, no, indeed, Miss Anne, that I ain't! I'm too little. And, anyhow, I shouldn't think it right to do it myself, though I'm glad when they cool 'em off a little, as they have, since you've been away."

"Did you say that Mr. Illerton had stopped going to see the young ladies?" asked Anne.

"Yes, indeed, he has. He asked for you one night, so Millie says, and they were quite hot about it; and so he just up and told 'em that you were worth a dozen such as them."

"That cannot be, I am sure. Mr. Illerton, certainly, did not talk in so ungentlemanly a manner!"

"I don't think it was anything more than the truth, and I'm sure I hope he did say it," replied Jimmy, warmly.

"You are wrong," said Anne to her little friend.

"You must not desire to have any injured, or wounded in their feelings, because they do not treat you well. You know that such desires spring from revenge, and revenge is murder in disguise."

"So you used to tell me; but I didn't think about that," said the boy.

"I hope things go on pretty smoothly with you now, Jimmy?"

"I can't say that they do, Miss Anne," replied the child, in a desponding tone. "Yesterday, Mr. Hardamer beat me, until I am sore all over. I'd been to market with him, and had the great market-basket, which he piled almost full. There was half a peck of potatoes, a quarter of veal and half a peck of apples; besides a good many other things. On top were put a dozen eggs, and then the butter kettle, full of butter, was fitted in one end among the apples. I could hardly get round the market, it was so heavy, and when Mr. Hardamer put it on my head and told me to go home, I thought I should have sunk right down. I'd 'a' said something, but I was afraid. I started up Market Street, and went on as fast as I could. When I got to the first water-

plug, I felt just as if was going to fall, and I could hardly see. I asked two or three men to help me down with the basket, but they looked at me and passed on. Just as I thought I should have to give up, a black man lifted the basket off my head, and set it on the plug for me. I stood there about five minutes, and then got a boy to help me up with it again. It seemed heavier than ever, but I started off with it and kept right up the street. While trying to step down from the curbstone at Gay Street, I lost my balance, and fell, in spite of all I could do. Everything in the basket rolled out—butter, eggs and all. The eggs were all broken, and the butter tumbled into the dirt. I put them all back into the basket, except the eggs, and asked a boy, who was the only one that seemed to pity me—everybody else laughed—to help me along with the basket. He took hold of one side, and helped me clear home. We set the basket down in the shop, and Mr. Hardamer saw, at once, that something was wrong.

"What's the matter, there?" he said, in an angry voice, coming from behind the counter.

"I fell down—it was so heavy," I said, trembling all over.

"Where's the eggs?" he said, more angrily.

"They're all broken, sir," said I.

"And here's the butter all covered with dirt!" he said, pulling off the lid of the butter-kettle. "You did it on purpose, you little scoundrel you!"

"And then he dragged me into the back shop, and made me pull off my jacket. Oh, how he did cut me with the stirrup!—cursing me all the while, and saying he'd kill me afore he was done with me. It seemed like he never would quit; and every stroke smarted and ached so, that I thought I couldn't stand it a minute longer. After awhile he threw the stirrup down, and drove me off into the cellar, and told me to saw wood there until he sent for me, and said if he heard the saw stop a minute at a time, he'd come down and give me ten times as much. I went down and sawed wood, until I ached so I thought I would have fallen over, but I was afraid to stop; and so I kept on, wishing I would drop down dead! After a long, long time, Millie came down to call me to dinner. I couldn't hardly eat anything, I felt so sick. But he didn't tell me to go into the cellar again, and I began to feel a little better by night. Oh, how I wanted to see you!—and that night, as I lay in bed, I determined that I would come and see you any how."

The tears started from Anne's eyes, and her heart ached for the poor, abused child. And ached the more, because she had no means of softening his hard lot. She did not reply to his painful story, but his eyes read her sympathizing countenance, and he understood how much she felt for him.

"But I'll try and bear it, Anne, it won't last forever," said the little fellow, endeavoring to rally. "I'll be a man one of these days, and then no one will beat or abuse me."

"That is right, Jimmy. When we can't help ourselves, it is always best to put a good face upon

matters. A change for the better will come sooner or later."

"And right soon will it come for you, Miss Anne, I hope," he said, with animation.

"I could not ask for anything better than I now have," she replied.

"But, better will come, I am sure. Ike says he means to go this very night to see Mr. Illerton, and tell him where you are; and then he'll come and marry you; and he's so rich!"

This announcement brought Anne to her feet at once, utterly confounded.

"Run home, quick!" she said, "and tell Isaac, that, if he has the least regard for my feelings, he could not injure them more than by doing what you say."

"It's no use to go, Anne," said the little boy, "because Ike's gone long ago."

"Maybe not, Jimmy, so run home as fast as you can, and come again to-morrow night."

(To be continued.)

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

IF all would do this, the world would be happier for most of us than it is. Some people seem to do everything in their power to make the worst, instead of the best, of what they have. The difference of conditions in those we meet lies, in most cases, just here.

It is one thing to earn money, and another thing to make the best use of it after it is earned. Good wages or bad wages make small difference in the comfort of some homes. The more a man, who has no idea of thrift or economy, earns, the more he spends uselessly. High wages are a hurt rather than a blessing to such a man, for they only increase his opportunities for self-indulgences that confirm bad habits.

Making the best of things is the art of all arts, without which no trade, profession or calling will ever insure success. It is the secret of order and comfort in our homes. The wife who makes the best of everything her husband's wages procure, becomes the helpmeet she promised to be; and the husband who makes the best of his opportunities, working faithfully, intelligently and skilfully, and so getting for his family the largest return for his labor, only fulfils the pledges he gave when taking upon himself the responsibilities of a married man.

More than half the grumbings and complainings of certain people would never be heard if they had always made the best of what came to them. The world is not half so bad to us as we are to ourselves. In our want of order, care, industry, economy and skill, lie most of our deprivations and our misfortunes.

TRUE friends are the whole world to one another, and he that is a friend to himself, is also a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of anything without a partner.

THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. MARK, VENICE.

IT is difficult to imagine a city full of life, without horses and without wheels, in which you may walk certainly, but only through narrow lanes of houses, where you may touch the walls on either side with outstretched arms; where you come to bridges or steps every few yards over the numerous canals; and where the turnings are so intricate and so much alike, that only by great care can you find your way back to your hotel, a city wholly devoid of verdure, where all the vegetables and fruit consumed have to be brought in barges from the mainland. In some of the court-yards you see a few orange-trees in tubs; but with these exceptions there is no green thing in Venice, and the nearest approach to vegetation must be looked for on the Lido, that long, narrow tongue of land sheltering Venice from the waves of the Adriatic, which may be seen from the lagoon—where all is calm—tossing and raging as though vainly endeavoring to burst the slender barrier.

One of the most interesting sights in Venice is the glass manufactory on the island of Murano, where of late years the making of the famous Venetian glass, so prized by the antiquaries, has been revived and carried to great perfection. To our English eyes this glass may appear dull and imperfect in shape; but when we consider that all the beautiful vases, flowers, etc. we see are made without model, simply shaped by the eye and hand of the workmen, the marvel is that they are so true in form. A man will take a certain number of sticks of glass of equal length, and place them in a row on a sort of shovel; this he places in a furnace until the glass becomes partially fused. Then he takes another round iron implement, and twists the melted glass around it, and by turning it in various ways, and frequently placing it in the furnace for a few moments, it at last assumes whatever shape you please—either vase, goblet or plate. When finished in shape, he takes a small quantity of dark red glass, passes it lightly round the edge, and thus forms the border.

The preparation of the gold-stone glass, and of the opal tint which is so much admired, is a secret recently rediscovered by Salviati, to whom we are indebted also for the modern mosaics, which from their beauty and durability will, ere long, be employed largely in wall decoration.

The bugle and bead-works are also curious. A man takes a piece of glass from the furnace, blows down an iron rod into it; another man seizes it, and the two walk backward from each other through a passage, till the glass is drawn to the size of a bead or bugle. It is then cut into lengths, and the beads are filled with saw-dust, again fused and rounded by friction, being shaken together in a sack by a peculiar motion.

The most wonderful and interesting sight of Venice, however, is the Cathedral of St. Mark, which

is at once a noble temple and an historical museum of unsurpassed interest. Here you may read of the religion, the riches, the liberty, the conquests and progress made in the arts, by that wonderful republic of the past. Here are treasures, war-spoils from Constantinople and from Greece.

The Church of San Marco, converted into a Cathedral in 1807, previous to which time it was the ducal chapel, was founded by the Doge Giustiniani Partecipazio in the year 829. In consequence of his death it was left unfinished. His heirs, however, finished it, and it was destroyed by a conflagration in 976. In 977 the present edifice was founded by Pietro Orseolo I., the successor of Candiano, whose life and reign terminated at the time of the conflagration. It was not completed, however, until the reign of Domenico Contarini, 1043. In 1071 the Doge Domenico Salvo added many precious ornaments, and mosaics in particular. It was designed by architects from Constantinople, and is a mixture of Grecian and Roman architecture. The nave is two hundred and forty-three feet in length, the transept two hundred. The centre dome is ninety-two feet in height, and the other four eight-one feet each. Nearly six hundred pillars support the decorations inside and outside of this building. They were brought from Greece and are of marble. The finishings are in the Italian-Gothic style of the fifteenth century, but are not light and graceful. The scarcity of windows gives the building a gloomy appearance.

In the lower part of the front are five arched doorways, each adorned with a double row of little columns. Over the central door stand gilded bronze horses placed there, it has been suggested, to show the Venetians what a horse is like, as they have no opportunity of studying the living animal. These horses are said to be the work of Phidias, carried to Constantinople by Theodosius, from whence they were removed by the Venetians in 1206, when they plundered the capital of the eastern empire. These horses were taken to Paris as trophies by the first Napoleon, and crowned the Triumphal Arch in the Place de Carrousel in Paris, from 1797 to 1815. After the Battle of Waterloo they were restored, to the great joy of the Venetians.

In the outer walls are inserted tablets of ancient sculpture of different nations and ages. One on the north side represents Proserpine in a chariot drawn by two dragons, and holding in either hand a torch. In the corner near the Ducal Palace, attractive from their color and position, is a group of four full-length figures in red porphyry, the origin of which is not exactly known.

Five large mosaics are placed over the doorways. The first on the right is a design by Pietro Vecchio, executed in 1650. The subject represented is the body of St. Mark being removed from the tomb at

Alexandria. The Last Judgment occupies the central place. Then comes a design dated 1728, representing the Venetian magistrates venerating the body of St. Mark. The last, and probably most ancient of these mosaics, represents the church of St. Mark. Above these are four other mosaics, the subjects of which are the taking down from the cross, descent into Hades, the resurrection, and the ascension.

By the central portal as you enter the vestibule is a small piece of reddish marble, indicating the spot where Pope Alexander III. and the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa were, through the interposition of the Venetian republic, reconciled on the 23d of July, 1177. The vaulting and many portions of the wall are covered with rich marble and mosaics; the columns are of verd-antique and porphyry; the pavement is composed of small pieces of white and colored marble, agate, jasper, etc., and is beautifully arranged. Over the centre door of the church is a mosaic representing St. Mark in pontifical robes, executed by the brothers Zuccati in 1545; the crucifixion opposite by the same. They also executed the Eight Prophets, the Four Evangelists, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Annunciation.

The magnificent tomb of Cardinal Zeno, from the design of Alessandro Leopardi, is situated in the Zeno Chapel, on the right of the vestibule. In the north corridor is the ancient bas-relief of Christ surrounded by the twelve apostles, and the monument of the Doge Marino Morosini. The walls of the interior are of precious marble. A mosaic of the Virgin of St. Mark is over the central door. By the door on the right the basin for holy water is placed, composed of porphyry supported by a Greek altar. Farther on to the right is situated the Baptistry, executed in the fourteenth century. The granite slab upon which our Saviour is supposed to have stood when he preached to the inhabitants of Tyre—brought from that city in 1126—forms the altar table.

The monument of the last Doge, Andrea Dandolo, who died in 1534, and was interred in St. Mark's, stands against the wall. Near it is a Gothic tomb erected to the Doge Soranza. The Chapel of the Holy Cross is by the north transept. One of the columns which support it is a rare specimen of black and white granite.

You may walk, from sunrise to sunset, to and fro, before the gateway of St. Mark's, and you will not see an eye lifted to it, nor a countenance brightened by it. Priests and layman, soldier and civilian, rich and poor, pass by it alike and regardless. Up to the very recesses of the porches the meanest tradesman of the city push their counters; nay, the foundations of its pillars are themselves the seats, not "of them that sell doves" for sacrifice, but of the venders of toys and caricatures. Round the whole square in front of the church there is almost a continual line of cafés, where the idle Venetians of the middle class lounge and read. In the recesses of the porches, all day long, knots of men of the lowest class, unemployed and listless, lie basking in the sun like

lizards; and unregarded children—every heavy glance of their young eyes full of desperation and strong depravity, and their throats hoarse with cursing—gamble, and fight, and snarl, and sleep, hour after hour, clashing their bruised centesimi upon the marble ledges of the church porch. And the image of Christ and his angels look down upon it continually.

WHAT DO YOUR CHILDREN READ?

A BAD book, magazine, or newspaper, is a dangerous to your child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the paths of safety. Every parent should set this thought clearly before his mind, and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for there are now published scores of weekly papers, with attractive and sensuous illustrations, that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison to a healthful body.

Many of these papers have attained large circulations, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The danger to young persons from this cause was never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child.

Our mental companions—the thoughts and feelings that dwell with us when alone, and influence our actions—these are what lift us up or drag us down. If your child has pure and good mental companions, he is safe; but if, through corrupt books and papers, evil thoughts and impure imaginings get into his mind, his danger is imminent.

Look to it, then, that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Never bring into your house a paper or periodical that is not strictly pure, and watch carefully lest any such get into the hands of your growing up boys.

"NOT WORTH A STRAW."

PERHAPS a straw is not as worthless as you think. Let us see. Straws are the stems of wheat, rye, oats and barley. In order to wave to and fro in the wind, and yet bear up the heads of grain, they must be both *light* and *strong*. Let us see how lightness is secured. They are made hollow, you see, like quills; and yet not hollow through the whole length, for every now and then we find a knob, or joint, which helps to brace up the sides and make them strong. The straw outside is hard, and looks as shiny as if it had been polished. It is polished, and that keeps the weather and the insects from damaging it, besides adding to its strength. Polish! but where does it get polish? God gave these plants the power of drawing up, through their roots, this gummy sort of varnish from the earth. It is flint. There is nothing like it on the stem of the sweet-pea or the currant-bush, because they do not need it.

RELIGIOUS READING.

"COME UNTO ME."

T. CRAMPTON.

Andantino espres.

mf Float-ing thro' the sun - light that bright-ens our way. A sweet voice has sound-ed— is

sound - ing to - day; "Oh, ye wea-ry and trou - bled," it soft - ly says, "come;

Why long-er in pain and sor-row will you roam?" Come, come, come, come,

come un - to Me; All ye that are wea - ry, come un - to Me!

"Are you weary of sin, of its weight and its pain?
Then come unto Me, I can cleanse its deep stain.
Does the thought of your guilt make you fearful and weak?
Come, come unto Me, your pardon I will speak."
Come, come, etc.

"Are you weary of straying? my own hand shall guide
Your feet in the way where no ill shall betide.
Are you hungry and thirsty? your soul shall be fed
With the water of life, and with the heav'nly bread."
Come, come, etc.

HAPPINESS NOT THE END OF LIFE.

THE meaning of life is not joy. Our Father did not put us here for that, yet we hate to believe it. We cling to gladness, and turn our hearts toward it as the flower to the sun. And when, instead, trouble falls upon us, we turn away and refuse to be comforted, and our days loom up before us in added bitterness. We are weary of the pilgrimage, and we long to make it only a happy journey, wandering where we will. We cannot abide the thought of a warfare, we are not brave enough and strong enough to contend with any foe. We love not hardship and self-denial and watching. We had rather whisper, O Soul, take thine ease and be merry; give not

up a present comfort for a far-off, unseen good. Yet, there is much to satisfy us here, if it was only all our own, but the way is hedged about, and we cannot put out our hands to take the good things. The days are different from our longings, and we count them lost hours and look back upon them with an agony that is unavailing. We think of what we might have been, of the great work we might have done, if our prayers were not denied, and we weep over our barren harvest. Yet this is God's ordering. He would have us holy first, so he teaches us by humiliation and disappointment. He takes away what He sees will lead us from the highest place, and He gives us more than we ask for—better things. He removes not

the thorn, but with the double burden comes the greater strength.

It is what we are, not what we possess, that shall make us grow like Him.

There is a verse which says, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He will sustain thee," and in every word there is a gracious sweetness and a living power, that proves how true He is. We need not keep this weight, for there is One who has borne more than this, who now waiteth at the door, not far off, but by our side, ready to come in, if we ask Him, and take it all away; ready to stay with us, and whisper of the good cheer we are soon to find.—*Good Tidings.*

"IF YE LOVE ME, KEEP MY COMMANDMENTS."—Let the Church teach men that there is no religion except in keeping the Commandments, and let her teach it so plainly that there can be no mistake about her meaning, and her influence will be felt in social, civil and industrial affairs. Let her teach, with no uncertain sound, that no one can enter Heaven except in the degree that Heavenly principles are formed in the life, and her members will cease to delude themselves with the vain hope of getting to Heaven by thought or belief alone. The Church occupies the central plane in human life, and the only effectual way to purify political life and make trading honest and labor noble, is to make the teaching of the Church true and her practice good. Purify the fountain, and the streams will be pure.

When the heart begins to go out in love to God, Heaven has commenced within it, and the certitude of an eternal Heaven is found in this, that it is toward an Infinite God that it goes out. Provision is at once made for endless activity and endless love.

NEARER.

BY RUTH.

WHEN earthly shadows fall
Thick o'er my way;
When anxious fears appal,
Dark'ning my day;
When lonely, sad and drear,
Life seems to me,
Then comes my yearning cry—
"Nearer to Thee."

When with the eye of faith
Upward I gaze,
Where clouds of gloom are pierced
By heavenly rays;
Seeing Thy loving face
Bend down o'er me,
Then swells my joyous song—
"Nearer to Thee."

When to the river's brink
Gladly I come,
Waiting the angel-band
To bear me home;
When the bright City's gates
Opening I see,
Rapt'rous will be my cry—
"Nearer to Thee."

THE Lord provides good for His obedient children. When we wilfully do evil, we pass from under the Divine Providence into the Divine permission.

WOULDE'ST thou die nobly, let thy vices die before thee.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

BE PATIENT WITH CHILDREN.

"YE have need of patience!" Nothing can be more true than this, and nothing is more applicable to those who have to do with boys and girls. There are so many provocations which demand endurance, so many faults which require correction, so much carelessness which provokes rebuke, and so much perverseness which calls for firmness and control, that "teachers of babes," if not of a temper absolutely angelic, need to have "line upon line—line upon line, precept upon precept—precept upon precept," to aid in the work which has fallen to their lot.

There are so many temptations and accessories to impatience, too. It is so easy and so natural for the strong to tyrannize over the weak! Absolute power is too frequently abused; and the power which a parent or a teacher exercises over the child, is so far absolute that immediate resistance can be rendered unavailing. True, the parent has parental tenderness and love to restrain the impetuosity of impatience, but the teacher has not; and if parents are often, in spite of natural barriers, impetuous, what wonder that teachers are so too.

It is less trouble, so far as the present time is concerned, to blame and scold, and punish a child for negligence, stupidity or misconduct, than to explain, reason and instruct. It takes less time to box a boy's ears for being mischievous, or to push a girl into a bedroom "all by

herself," for being idle, or talkative, or troublesome, than it does to investigate intentions and motives, or to inquire into causes; and we do not wonder that the patience of the most patient sometimes gives way. But it is not the less to be deplored when it does give way. In one hour—in less time than this—in one minute, evil may be wrought which will undo the work of months, or which years of judicious treatment will not obliterate.

Do we say, then, that children should be indulged and pampered, and their faults overlooked? No: this again seems easier to the indulgent and self-indulgent teacher than the wearying work of constant watchfulness and wise circumspection. But patience is as much required in the avoidance of false indulgence as in the banishment of undue or injudicious severity. It is easier, for the moment, to yield to the wishes and dispositions of children, than to oppose or regulate them. But notwithstanding this, "Patience" should "have her perfect work." Oh, ye teachers of the young, "ye have need of patience."

And not patience only. In the proper exercises of discipline, discrimination and keen perception must be united with it, or even patience will fail. Perhaps no two children in any given number are precisely alike in formation of mind, disposition and general capacity. One will be timid, another bold; one sensitive, another obtuse; one quick, another slow. In different things, and

at different times, the same boy or girl may exhibit almost contradictory qualities, and yet there shall be nothing in all this that ought to be construed into a fault, or that should call for even a rebuke. Patience here will be lost in a maze, to which discrimination alone can furnish the clue. And that not always, for we have the word of Inspiration to assure us that "the heart is deceitful above all things; but, in general, perhaps, the heart of a child may be pretty correctly read by those who do not, idly or contemptuously, neglect its study.

At all events, it is better to be credulous than incredulous—better that a child should ten times escape the just punishment of a fault through an excess of patience, than be once unjustly punished through want of discrimination. The memory of the injustice will rankle in the soul, and produce worse fruits there, tenfold, in after years, than will spring from the consciousness of having committed faults innumerable with impunity.

Teachers or parents never will or can deal wisely with a child, unless they dispense with impulse, and scrutinize, in every possible way, what appears worthy of condemnation; and the best way to follow out this scrutiny is mentally to change places with the offender—to be a child again—to divest one's self of all but a childish judgment and capacity—to throw back one's self upon childish views and feelings—and to submit to be guided by childish reasonings, and then after all, if there be a doubt, to give the child the benefit of that doubt.

But, oh, what a deal of trouble is all this!

Very well, —, we are not thinking about your trouble, but about the child's good. Though, as to trouble, the best way of doing anything is the least troublesome in the end. But by trouble you mean pains-taking, time and attention, and regard to the ultimate object. Now, can anything in the world, worth doing, be well and properly accomplished without these? Can a pudding be made, or a pig be fed, or a beard be shaven without these?

Trouble! Shame upon those who, under the selfish but vain plea of saving themselves trouble—present trouble—make trouble for others in after years! Let them do anything, be anything, rather than teachers of the young.

This is an inexhaustible subject—the right training of children—we have written about it before, and we may have occasion to revert to it again and again. Meanwhile, as illustrative of the foregoing remarks, we quote an instructive passage from a work on "Private Education."

"How can you be so stupid?" said a governess to her pupil; "why do you not do your sum properly? It is very easy, and you don't try to do it well."

"My sum was right at first, and now I have done it over so many times I really cannot understand it," replied the child.

"I shall make you finish it," said the governess, "and not allow you to have any recreation till it is correct."

The child burst into tears, saying she did not know how it was, but she felt so stupid. She, however, sat down, and once more began the sum; but this time every figure was wrong.

The governess grew very angry, and said the naughty girl should not only begin it again, but do two more as a punishment for such obstinacy.

The child made another attempt, and was desired to do it aloud.

"Four farthings make a shilling," said the child.

"What!" exclaimed the governess; "four farthings make a shilling! How dare you be so stupid? You do it on purpose. I shall certainly complain to your mamma."

"Indeed, indeed," sobbed the child, "I will try to do it properly; I see I am wrong, very wrong. I mean to say, twelve farthings make a penny."

The governess could bear it no longer; she rose, and was about to threaten some severe punishment, when the mother entered the room, and, seeing the child in tears, said: "What is the matter with my little Emma? Seven o'clock, and lessons not finished! I am going to dinner, and you will not be ready for dessert."

"I am not to go down-stairs this evening," replied the weeping child; "I cannot do my sum."

The governess, till then silent, confirmed this.

"I cannot allow Miss Emma any recreation," she said; and, drawing out her watch, added, "it is now seven o'clock; she has been five hours with a slate in her hand, and has not yet done her sum. I am sorry to say she is very obstinate, and persists in asserting that four farthings make a shilling, and that twelve farthings make a penny!"

The child stared vacantly, and did not contradict her governess, but looked as if not conscious of the mistake she had made. The mother, evidently suffering at seeing her child's swollen eyes, and convinced of the mismanagement, merely said: "I am sorry to find Emma has given cause for displeasure, and beg she may be sent to bed immediately; to-morrow, I trust she will endeavor to be more attentive."

The child obeyed, sobbing, "Good-night, mamma."

As soon as she was gone, Mrs. Y—, an excellent and judicious parent, pointed out, in gentle language, the error committed.

"You will probably think, Miss H—, that a mother's feelings mislead me; and I must candidly say, I do not think Emma has been so much to blame. You have shown ill-judged severity in keeping her so long at the same lesson. I give you credit for your good intentions; but, believe me, you are mistaken. The attention fixed for such a length of time loses its power; and I am persuaded that Emma will do her sum right to-morrow morning, provided no threats are made; but if her thoughts be occupied with the punishment she has to dread, it is not probable she can give undivided attention to any study, much less to arithmetic, which admits of no error. I do not think Emma deserved to be punished; she had no power of doing better. It is evident from her saying that four farthings make a shilling, and twelve farthings make a penny, that she was much puzzled; and I beg that another time, under similar circumstances, she may be made to leave off her lesson. When I sent her to bed, and appeared displeased, it was to uphold your authority; I should not have had the courage to inflict any other punishment; but the child was so fatigued, I thought it could do her no harm, and hope she is already asleep, as I fear she has been over-exerted."

The governess made no reply; she felt the truth of the observations, and was grateful for the manner in which they had been conveyed.

The following morning the little girl, refreshed by sleep, and recovering the use of her faculties, did her sum without a single mistake, and begged, as a reward, that she might be allowed to go and show it to her mamma.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TREASURY.

ICEBERGS.

BY E. B. D.

ICEBERG means ice mountain. It is not a mountain covered with ice, but a mountain of solid ice. We do not find these mountains on dry land. They are in the ocean, far away to the Polar Regions.

The water of the ocean freezes in a solid mass over the surface. Then, when a thaw or a storm comes, this mass of ice cracks and breaks into great cakes. These cakes get jostled against, or piled upon one another, and in that way frozen together. This great piece, made out of a

into the clear ocean, and they have been known to run against vessels and sink them.

When these icebergs get into a warmer region they slowly melt away. In the picture are several icebergs, which have been melting for some time; the water, formed by the melting ice, running down their sides into the ocean until the ice is left in sharp, jagged points at the top. The white objects are the icebergs. The black ones are rocks of some coast or island.

Icebergs are most beautiful to look at. When the sun shines upon them they are fairly dazzling with light, and show all the colors of the rainbow. At night they gleam



number of smaller ones frozen together, rests on the surface of the water and raises its top out of it, as ice naturally floats; and more ice is added to the sides and bottom. Then another storm, perhaps, throws more pieces upon or against it, which freeze to it. The larger it gets the higher it rises out of the water, until finally it becomes as large as a mountain.

Sometimes these great ice mountains, or bergs, will split in two, from top to bottom, with a noise like that of a cannon, and thus another iceberg will be formed. When this happens, there is a great commotion in the water. All the icebergs in the neighborhood shake and dance and move about as though they were alive.

The seas near the North and South Poles are filled with these icebergs, which are large enough to grind a ship to pieces, if one should chance to be between them when they come together. These great icebergs float around in the ocean, and ships which visit the regions where they are found, have to be careful and keep out of their tracks. Sometimes they wander away off, out of their usual course,

in the moon or in the light of the aurora borealis, until the whole scene looks like fairy-land.

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say,
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late.

NEVER give up, brother, never give up,
God has a blessing for those who work hard;
Why should you grumble, and murmur and fret,
And envy the pleasure from which you're debarred.
Work like a man,
Do the best you can,
This is the wisest and happiest plan.

EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

FOUND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

INTO the forest, alone, I went,
And nothing to seek was my intent.

A little flower I found in the gloom;
Bright as an eye, or a star, its bloom.

But when I would pluck it, it said to me,
"Shall I, to my withering, broken be?"

Then flower and root I dug from the loam,
And tenderly took it with me home.

There, planted again in a worthy place,
It grows and blossoms with added grace.

LIZZIE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

DEAR little dark-eyed namesake!
The summers are all too few
Since she brightened with graceful wearing,
The name that my childhood knew—
I hoped it would crown her with sunshine
Fairer than ever smiled—
I said it should bring her a blessing—
Dear little dark-eyed child!

I said it should bring her a blessing—
Was I wiser than I guessed?
Was the blessing a long, sweet childhood,
And an early and happy rest?
For the loving circle that held her
Is robbed of its precious pearl;
The youngest, the fairest, the darling—
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

She stood where the path of childhood—
A lane through a flowery wood—
Led out to the wide, dim distance
Of perilous womanhood—
Woman or angel?—The future
Like a question before her lay;
What wonder she paused and faltered,
And chose the easier way?

Not for her are the crosses
And bonds of a woman's life,
Nor the burdens and costly blessings
Which cling to the name of wife;
Nor labor, nor doubt, nor anguish,
Nor the great world's dusty whirl;
Not one of them touched her garment—
Dear little dark-eyed girl!

Timidly leaning always
On the hearts which loved her best,
Sheltered from every sorrow,
She dwelt in the warm home nest;
Never a grief came near her,
Nor trial nor loss she bore—
And none in the home that holds her
Shall find her for evermore!

Oh! fair and fetterless spirit!

The name that my childhood knew,
Though rarely I hear it spoken,
Is sweeter because of you—
What matter how little value
On earth to the name be given,
Since now it is worn by an angel,
'Tis tenderly breathed in Heaven?

Portland Transcript.

THE PATCHWORK QUILT.

IN sheen of silken splendor,
With glinting threads of gold,
I've seen the waving marvels
That hung in halls of old,
When fair hands wrought the lily,
And brave hands held the lance,
And stately lords and ladies
Stepped through the courtly dance.

I've looked on rarer fabrics,
The wonders of the loom,
That caught the flowers of summer,
And captive held their bloom;
But not their wreathing beauty,
Though fit for queens to wear,
Can with one household treasure,
That's all mine own, compare.

It has no golden value,
The simple patchwork spread;
Its squares in homely fashion
Set in with green and red;
But in those faded pieces
For me are shining bright,
Ah! many a summer morning,
And many a winter night.

The dewy breath of clover,
The leaping light of flame,
Like spells my heart come over,
As one by one I name
These bits of old-time dresses—
Chints, cambric, calico—
That looked so fresh and dainty
On my darlings long ago.

This violet was mother's;
I seem to see her face,
That ever like a sunshine
Lit up the shadiest place.
This buff belonged to Susan;
That scarlet spot was mine;
And Fannie wore this pearly white,
Where purple pansies shine.

I turn my patchwork over—
A book with pictured leaves—
And I feel the lilac fragrance,
And the snow-fall on the eaves.
Of all my heart's possessions
I think it least could spare
The quilt we children pieced at home,
When mother dear was there.

FLORAL DEPARTMENT.

HOME ORNAMENTS.

WE received, some time since, a book from Mr. Dreer, of this city, published by Henry T. Williams, of New York, and entitled "Window Gardening." We gave a notice of the book at the time of its reception, and examination has proved it to be even more valuable than we then supposed. We will give a few extracts from its pages for the benefit of our readers. It contains some very useful suggestions on the subject of home floral ornamentation—useful because simple, inexpensive and practicable:

"This department would not be complete without a word for the little ones of the house, some hint to them of what they can do to bring forth some glowing spot or sprig of living greenery. So we tell them how to make some pretty little contrivances in grasses, etc.

"Plants with light, graceful foliage are every year becoming more popular; and as to complete a picture of the highest order one requires a great variety of colors and graceful pencillings, so in window gardening the culture of the grasses adds greatly to the whole effect.

"Far prettier than many a pretentious and costly ornament is a simple bowl of grasses planted in pine cones, set in sand, in moss or common soil. If grown in cones, procure them from the woods, and sprinkle in as much soil as their scales will retain. Then scatter the grass-seed over it, and sprinkle with water. Place the cones in sand or moss, and be sure that they do not become dry, but water them sparingly at first, once a day, and set in a moderately warm place. Soon the seeds will sprout, and the tiny spears protrude in every direction.

"Grass will sprout and grow in pine cones without any soil, but it serves to prevent the cone from closing too tightly when sprinkled, and also makes a more vigorous growth. The cones can be suspended in a window, either singly or in groups of three fastened together with thread wire. Or a rustic basket or stand can be procured, and filled with cones, with different kinds of grasses growing in each cone. There are three thousand different species of grasses in the world, and their study is a pleasing pursuit.

"A very charming effect can be produced by placing a wet sponge in a glass bowl, and sprinkling over it canary-seed, grasses and flaxseed. Soon it will be covered with a thick growth of fresh, bright green. It must be judiciously watered. If kept too dry it will wither away; if too wet it may damp off. Mustard-seed may also be used, and its tiny yellow blossoms will be to many a novelty as well as a delight.

"Common garden peas will make a lovely vine, although sweet peas are much prettier. But either can be grown in water. Fill a common tumbler with water. Tie over it a bit of coarse lace, such as milliners use, and cover it with peas, pressing it down into the water. Keep in a dark place for two or three days, then give light and warmth. In a few days the roots will be plainly seen piercing through the lace, and the vines can twine around the casements, or a bit of a hoop-skirt spring can be fastened about the tumbler with springs attached to it in form of a globe, and the vines twined about them. Keep the tumbler full of water, and add bits of charcoal to keep

it fresh. Every week turn in two or three drops of aqua ammonia.

"A saucer garden can be made with fresh moss well wetted. In the centre place a pine cone filled with earth and common grass or canary-bird seed, and in a few days the tiny grass spears will appear, and soon you will have a verdurous cone of great beauty.

"If an acorn be suspended by a bit of thread tied around it within half an inch of the surface of water contained in a small vase or tumbler, and allowed to remain undisturbed for one or two weeks in a warm place, it will burst its shell and throw a root into the water, and shoot upward, its straight and tapering stem covered with glossy green leaves. A young oak tree growing in this way is an elegant object. The water should be kept clean with bits of charcoal, and if the leaves turn yellow add a little ammonia to it.

"The sweet potato would hardly be recognized by many who know it only to eat it, if they could see how pretty a parlor ornament it might be easily made. Take a large-sized sweet potato and drop it to the bottom of a vase or the bowl of a hanging basket. Cover the potato with water nearly to its top, leaving perhaps a half inch uncovered, and always keeping it about at this point. It will soon put forth roots, and the top will shoot out a vine which will grow after a while with great rapidity. A sunny position suits it best, and the tendrils will soon clasp the arms of the basket, or droop in long curls over the edge of the vase. Many visitors who have seen such a vine in the window of their friend, have inquired, with admiration, its name, thinking it must be some foreign plant.

"TO REVIVE FADED FLOWERS.—Hot water will frequently restore flowers to freshness, even when every petal is drooping. Place the stems into a cup of boiling hot water, leave them in it until each petal has become smoothed out, then cut off the coddled ends and put into milk-warm water. Colored flowers revive sooner than those that are of snowy whiteness, as the latter turn yellow. A cool room is best adapted to keeping flowers fresh. Take away each flower as it fades, else it will decay the others.

"The moisture furnished cut flowers should be rain water, always of a moderate temperature, about blood warmth. The water should not be changed, but every morning its evaporation supplied with more of the same temperature; to which, after a few days, a little aqua ammonia—five drops to half a pint of water—may be added. It is well to place at the bottom of the dish or vase a layer of broken charcoal, about half an inch in depth—pieces about the size of small beans. In placing the flowers let them have as much room as they need to show themselves naturally. At the expiration of a week the stems should be examined, all decayed matter rubbed from them with a piece of flannel, and the tip of each end cleanly cut; and if any leaves or blossoms begin to look withered, these also should be cut away. Flowers decay much sooner when tied in bunches or bouquets than when arranged loosely. Too little air and too much water are the bane of most species. There ought to be a

free current of the former around each spray or separate large flower, while the latter should not come above the calyx of any bloom—better be an inch or more below it, with most hardy plants, even if very long-stemmed, two inches immersion will give water enough if they have plenty of air. For short-stemmed flowers, a mixture of damp sand and powdered charcoal in equal proportions,

answers very well; but care must be taken that the dish does not get too dry. So also do baskets of creeping moss, in which they may be placed with fine effect. Still, the moss gets dry so soon, that the flowers fare better if a saucer is hidden below, partly filled with water, which they can reach with the tips of their stems."

A PAGE OF VARIETIES.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

MAINTAIN dignity without the appearance of pride.

NEVER acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions.

THINK nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent.

BE always resigned to the dispensations of Providence.

BISHOP HACKETT'S motto: "Serve God, and be cheerful."

FINISH the work in hand before beginning anything else.

BE guarded in conversation, attentive, and slow to speak.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he lacks understanding.

BE not forward to assign reason to those who have no right to ask.

A GREAT soul only finds its true existence in making others great.

RISE early, and be an economist of time. An hour lost is never gained.

FLOWERS are God's undertones of encouragement to the children of earth.

It is not always the dark place that hinders, but sometimes the dim eye.

HE that never changes any of his opinions never corrects any of his mistakes.

MAN, being essentially active, must find in activity his joy, as well as his beauty and glory.

WHEN life is ruined for the sake of money's preciousness, the ruined life cares naught for the money.

ONE of the most important rules of the science of manners is an almost absolute silence in regard to yourself.

It is the man who determines the dignity of the occupation, not the occupation which measures the dignity of the man.

MEN are often capable of greater things than they perform; they are sent into the world with bills of credit, and seldom draw to their full extent.

THE blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odor, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, which go beyond his ken on their mission.

VIOLETS do not open once a day, and let out their little prayer of perfume. They exhale all the while, at some times more than at others, but always more or less.

HAS it never occurred to us, when surrounded by sorrows, that they may be sent to us only for our instruction, as we darken the cages of birds when we wish to teach them to sing.

THE tender words, the loving deeds which we scatter for the hearts which throb nearest to us, are immortal seed that will spring up in everlasting beauty, not only in our own lives, but in the lives of those born after us.

SPARKS OF HUMOR.

IN a Dublin newspaper appeared the following: "A number of deaths are unavoidably postponed."

THE latest instance afforded by a "fond mother" of her son's cleverness is said son's correcting her for saying he was all over dirt. He said the dirt was all over him.

AN attorney, says an ingenious writer, is the same thing to a barrister that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your lawyer does not deal in *scruples*.

A POOR literary man being about to marry a rich heiress, was asked how long he thought the honeymoon would last? He replied: "Don't tell me of the *honey-moon*; it is *harvest-moon* with me."

A STUDENT at college included in the list of expenses which he sent to his father the item, "Charity, thirty dollars." The father remarked, in reply, "I fear that charity covers a multitude of sins."

AN Irishman, when he applied for a license to sell whisky, was asked by a magistrate if he was of a good moral character. He replied, "Faith, I don't see the necessity of a good moral character to sell whisky."

"BIDDY," said a lady, "step over and see how old Mrs. Jones is this morning." In a few minutes Biddy returned with the information that Mrs. Jones was seventy-two years, seven months and two days old, that morning.

A SCOTCH clergyman, preaching one day, quoted the passage: "And I said in my haste that all men are liars;" and added: "What's that, Mr. Psalmist? Said it in your haste, did you? Had you lived in our day you would have said it at your leisure."

A CLERGYMAN being annoyed by some of his audience going out while he was preaching, took for his text, "Thou art weighed and found wanting." Soon after commencing his discourse he said, "You will please pass out as fast as you are weighed."

"ARE you going to make a flower-bed here, Jenkins?" asked a young lady of the gardener. "Yea, miss; them's the orders," answered the gardener. "Why, it'll quite spoil our croquet ground!" "Can't help it, miss; them's your pa's orders. He says he'll have it laid out for horticulture, not for husbandry!"

EVIL SPIRITS.—Sir Astley Cooper, who had no superior as a British medical authority, said: "I never suffer ardent spirits in my house, thinking them evil spirits; and if the poor could witness the white livers, the dropsies, the shattered nervous systems, which I have seen, as the consequence of drinking, they would be aware that spirits and poisons are synonymous terms."

THE OLD MASTERS.—The wife of an up-town citizen, who has grown wealthy during the past few years by the advance of real estate, went abroad a few days ago. One of her acquaintances asked her what particular purpose she had in going, and what she expected to enjoy most. "Oh, I don't care much about Europe," she replied, "on my own account. The main object I have in making this trip is to have the portraits of these children," pointing to three homely girls of nine, eleven and thirteen, "painted by the old masters."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cast Adrift. By T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co. \$2.00. In his preface to this new volume, the author says: "My book, apart from the thread of fiction that runs through its pages, is but a series of photographs from real life, and is less a work of imagination than a record of facts. If it stirs the hearts of American readers profoundly, and so awakens the people to a sense of their duty; if it helps to inaugurate more earnest and radical modes of reform for a state of society of which a distinguished author has said, 'There is not a country throughout the earth on which it would not bring a curse; there is no religion upon the earth that it would not deny; there is no people upon the earth that it would not put to shame,' then will not my work be in vain."

"Sitting in our comfortable homes, with well-fed, well-clothed and happy-hearted children about us—children who have our tenderest care, and whose cry of pain from a pin-prick or a fall upon the floor hurts us like a blow—how few of us know or care anything about the homes in which some other children dwell, or of the hard and cruel battle for life they are doomed to fight from the very beginning!"

"To get out from these comfortable homes, and from the midst of tenderly cared-for little ones, and stand face to face with squalor and hunger, with suffering, debasement and crime—to look upon the starved faces of little children, and hear their helpless cries, is what scarcely one in a thousand will do. It is too much for our sensibilities. And so we stand aloof, and the sorrow and suffering, the debasement, the wrong and the crime go on, and because we heed it not we vainly imagine that no responsibility lies at our door; and yet, there is no man or woman who is not, according to the measure of his or her influence, responsible for the human debasement and suffering I have portrayed."

"The task I set for myself has not been a pleasant one. It has hurt my sensibilities and sickened my heart many times, as I stood face to face with the sad and awful degradation that exists in certain regions of our larger cities; and now, that my work is done, I take a deep breath of relief. The result is in your hand, good citizen, Christian reader, earnest philanthropist! If it stirs your heart in the reading as it stirred mine in the writing, it will not die fruitless."

This book is sold only by agents; but a copy will be mailed to any one by the publishers of this magazine on the receipt of the price, \$2.00.

Above Tempest and Tide. After the German of Sophie Verena. By Auber Forestier. Philadelphia: H. N. McKinney & Co. One takes up translations of foreign books with fear and trembling. There is so much in European literature—especially in French and German—out of harmony with American ideas, that it is the exception, rather than the rule, that a book can receive unqualified recommendation at our hands. In the book before us we find this desirable exception. It is a German story, possessing all the better characteristics of German literature—earnest thought, and careful finish in style—added to and embellishing a charming story, the tendency of which is to elevate the feelings and strengthen the soul against temptations. The story loses nothing at the hands

of the translator, as is too frequently the case. The English style is as perfect as the German must have been.

Her Majesty the Queen. A Novel. By John Esten Cooke, author of "Dr. Vandyke," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. To our mind, a well-written historical novel is among the pleasantest of all reading. It so blends instruction with pleasure, that any qualms of conscience over mispent time are lulled, and the mind left to perfect enjoyment of the story. "Her Majesty the Queen" is the wife of the unfortunate Charles I. of England, and many of the characters figuring in the pages of the book are historical ones. A charming love-story runs through the pages, and somewhat brightens the sombre tone of the story.

The Payson, Dunton & Scribner Manual of Penmanship. P., D. & S., authors. J. W. Payson, S. Dunton, W. M. Scribner, G. H. Shattuck, A. S. Manson. New York: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co. This is a valuable work. It reduces penmanship to a science, and simplifies and illustrates it in a most desirable manner. There are illustrations of different styles of penmanship, and full directions to both teacher and student.

Questions of the Day. By the Rev. John Hall, D.D., Pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. New York: Dodd & Mead. This clergyman discusses various religious topics in an able manner, and satisfactorily sustains his side of the argument. His first sermon is on the question, "Is the Human Race One?" the second, "How Far has Man Fallen?" Most of his points are aimed directly at the claims of modern scientists, which to many minds seem directly opposed to theological teachings. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Glass Cable. By Margaret E. Wilmer. New York: National Temperance Society.

John Bentley's Mistake. By Mrs. M. A. Holt. New York: National Temperance Society.

Fred's Hard Fight. By Marion Howard. New York: National Temperance Society.

Nothing to Drink. A Temperance Sea Story. By Julia McNair Wright. New York: National Temperance Society.

We have received the four volumes, whose titles are given above, from the National Temperance Society and Publication House. They are all pleasantly-written stories, and calculated to awake and keep alive interest in the Temperance reform. For sale in Philadelphia by J. C. Garrigues & Co.

May. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York; Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Mrs. Oliphant's tales are always welcome. Though not as sensational a writer as some, she ranks among the best English novelists, while she takes precedence of many for the elevated tone and purity of her writings. "May," her latest production, sustains all her previously-acquired reputation, and we cheerfully recommend it to the attention of our readers. For sale in Philadelphia by Claxton, Remson & Haffelfinger.

Ferdinand De Soto. The Discoverer of the Mississippi. By John S. C. Abbott. Illustrated. New York: Dodd & Mead. Mr. Abbott has made a careful and conscientious study of his subject, and has presented his readers with a record of De Soto's life and adventures as nearly authentic as it has been in his power to make it. It is needless to say that the book is interesting, reading more like a romance than veritable history. The volume belongs to the library of "American Patriots and Pioneers," now being issued by Dodd & Mead. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Try and Trust. By Horatio Alger. Boston: Loring, Publisher. An excellent book for boys, teaching them, in a manner to gain their attention and interest, lessons of true manliness. It belongs, we believe, to a series of books more or less connected in their plots and characters. For sale in Philadelphia by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The Mystery of Holly Tavern. A Story of Nine Travellers. By Lauriston Collis. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. An entertaining story of travel, and, as its name implies, mystery. It will serve to while away an idle hour.

Work. A Story of Trial and Experience. By Louisa M. Alcott, author of "Little Women," etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Miss Alcott has dared to touch that troublesome theme—What shall women do?—and has illumined it with the brightness of her own strong sense. The story is a pleasing one, and a suggestive one as well, and ought to be productive of many good results. It ought to encourage young girls to "be up and doing with a heart for any fate," instead of remaining idly at home, frittering away their time in frivolous, or at least, insignificant employments; or, perhaps, what is quite as bad, weakly lamenting that they are women, and consequently, are forbidden to do. It ought to teach those who

have the charge of girls that they should not seek to fetter them down to a narrow field of endeavor if they show desires and capabilities for a wider sphere—that is, to punish them for their womanhood—for, energy suppressed and forbidden a right channel, will force its way into wrong ones. Miss Alcott has, in the writing of this book, done a good work for women. For sale in Philadelphia by Sower, Potts & Co.

The Year. By D. C. Colesworth. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Mr. D. C. Colesworth, a poet who is already known as the author of "Don't Kill the Birds," "A Little Word in Kindness Spoken," "Do not Falter," and many others equally popular and equally excellent in sentiment, has sent forth a little book containing seventeen poems, one in honor of each month and each season, and one upon Christmas. These poems, although not aspiring to anything original or remarkable in either sentiment or expression, are pleasing contributions to our poetic literature, and will add to their author's fame. We welcome the volume to our library.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from W. W. Whitney, Publisher, Toledo, Ohio, the following new Music:

Village Bells. By W. A. Ogden. This four-part Glee is a very fine piece for a quartette of voices. It is bright and cheery, and the chorus, which may be sung by several voices, or as a quartette, has a tasteful piano accompaniment. Price fifty cents.

Glide, Gently Glide. By Charles H. Carroll. This will be found not only a pleasing composition, but one showing much study and skill. Each part carries a distinct beautiful melody woven together in a neat, artistic manner. The music is exuberant with life, but smooth and flowing as the streamlet o'er which they glide. There is a separate piano accompaniment, which is a great convenience to the player. Price seventy-five cents.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HONOR AND SAFETY.

A RECENT writer, referring to the many exposures of fraud and corruption among men in charge of public trusts, forcibly remarks: "No money was ever won by treachery to trust that did not harm the winner. No power was ever achieved by bribery or retained by falsehood that did not scorch the palm of him who held it. The consciousness of self-desert, the loss of self-respect, the fear of exposure and the self-commitment to a life of deception, which go always with possessions unworthily won, are poison in the blood, and the exposure, sooner or later, is as sure to come as death."

Truer words were never spoken. There is no safety, no peace, no real success, except in a life of honor and integrity. It cannot be too deeply impressed on the minds of young men, that in all gain coming through fraud or wrong, lies concealed a curse that will consume as surely as hidden fire; that money so obtained loses its power to give happiness—changes from a good to an evil—ceases to be a friend, and becomes an enemy. A thousand dollars, honestly gained by an honest man, will give the possessor a thousand times more real pleasure than a million can possibly afford the dishonest man, who, in acquiring his million treads ruthlessly upon the rights of others.

We may depend upon it, that in all we acquire, there is a blessing or a curse, just in the degree that we regard or disregard our fellow-men. "A little that a righteous man hath

is better than the riches of many wicked." So saith Holy Writ, and every day man's experience proves it to be true.

Read the faces of men who have acquired wealth or position through hard, un pitying selfishness, or through fraud and wrong—such men are known in all communities—and what sad and painful things do you find. Not peace nor moral beauty, nor the sweetness of content! No satisfaction in life is written there. All is hard, cold, cruel often, sinister, dissatisfied. For all that makes life worth living for, you see that life with them has been a failure. And it must be so in the very nature of things; for, a life of utter selfishness and wrong takes a man out of the true order of his being, and whatever is out of order, is jarred with every movement, and works steadily to sure disaster.

GEORGE MACDONALD IN THE PULPIT.

REV. HENRY W. BELLOWES gives, from memory, a report of a sermon recently preached by George MacDonald, in the Church of All Souls, in New York city. We copy his description of the preacher's manner in the pulpit, which is very striking:

"The preacher was in a very exalted state, and poured himself out in a rhapsodical manner, which made us think of the accounts of Edward Irving. Not that anything but sound sense and solemn truth, in language admirably chosen, was uttered. But a sort of prophetic fury in the tones shook the nerves and made the ear shrink from the message. We

should not like often to be called to listen to such a discourse, preached in that way. It was as if the man's hands were clutching our physical heart-strings or squeezing our brains. Never in the whole course of listening to public speakers have we heard anything of such mingled power and painfulness, such intensity, vehemence, demoniac and angelic fury mixed. How that delicate frame, invalided and exhausted with labor, could for an hour pour out such a flood of passionate tones, at such a pitch of voice, and every word intensified with purpose, we cannot understand. We looked to see Macdonald faint at the close of his sermon; but he paused, and uttered a prayer so much like one of David Elginbrod's, that we felt that the power by which he spoke was not his own, and that he was drawing from an inexhaustible fountain.

"The poet, the novelist appear in Macdonald's preaching—not intentionally or artificially, but by the irrepressible genius of the man's personality. He shapes his discourse with a broad plan, excludes what is irrelevant, forgets nothing truly pertinent, and hurries toward his conclusion with inevitable power. His whole face and figure preach. His dainty fingers drip with feeling in every gesture. He writhes and tosses himself about as if struggling with thoughts too big for utterance. His voice is somewhat husky, his articulation Scotch, and his slides of tone a little extravagant in the swing he allows himself. But unmistakable wealth of thought and depth of feeling and power of passion and directness of spiritual vision betray themselves in his preaching, as in all his poems and writings; and it is a memorable thing to have heard him, roused as he was, on Sunday evening. Nobody will ever forget that occasion who shared in it. Many will not like his manner, and miss his meaning, and criticize his words; but we doubt not he reached some hearts that were never touched before, and gave all a sense of spiritual realities to which they will date back as to high-water mark in their spiritual experiences."

ATLANTIC CITY.

EVERY year this "City by the Sea" becomes more and more the favorite summer resort for Philadelphians. Every year new hotels go up, elegant cottages are built, new improvements are made, and increasing attractions offered to visitors. The bathing is unsurpassed, and the hotel accommodations excellent. For merchants and others who wish to get their families out of town during the hot months, but cannot themselves break entirely away from business, the ease and quickness of access by the Camden and Atlantic Railroad renders it especially desirable, and thousands avail themselves of this great facility, spending a portion of their time at the seashore with their families, and yet not losing a hold of their business. If to the admirable railroad facilities were added a little more enterprise and public spirit by the authorities of Atlantic City, the place could be made far more attractive and desirable than it is. The long spaces between the houses and the sea, instead of presenting only unsightly sand-heaps, as they now do, glaring in the sun, should be levelled and sown with grass-seed, so as to give a beautiful green sward. The streets should be watered, and made as clean and neat as possible. All this would cost comparatively little, but it would give an attractiveness to the place that would draw hundreds there who now go to Long Branch or other summer resorts.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.

A WRITER in *Our Dumb Animals*, a monthly paper issued in Boston, by the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," relates this little incident, which we pass along: "As I was looking out of my window the other day, I saw a nice red apple roll into the gutter. As I looked to see who would pick it up, a wagon came along, marked, 'United States and Canada Express Co.' I observed the horse had no check-rein, and seemed to be quite happy. The driver, a young man of seventeen or eighteen years, saw the apple, and, throwing the reins on the horse's back, jumped off and picked it up, as I supposed, for himself, for it was a beauty; but, no, the kind young man, after showing it to the horse, broke it in small pieces, and gave them all to him, waiting

patiently for him to eat them; then smoothed his ears and nose, and drove slowly away. I do not know the name of the young man; but I am sure he has a kind heart, and is fit to be trusted with a horse out of his employer's sight; and if the horse could only have spoken, he would have thanked him for this little treat."

FROM CORRESPONDENTS.

AN old friend and correspondent writes: "The HOME MAGAZINE I think very much improved this year—ininitely better than any other periodical of its price that I know. I like Miss Townsend's articles beyond anything she has published." Speaking of "CAST ADRIFT," Mr. Arthur's last book, the same correspondent says: "I have just finished reading 'CAST ADRIFT,' and if it inspires those who are able to do something with the desire and longing that it kindles in me, who can do nothing but desire and long to do, then I am sure the book will accomplish a work the precious result of which can never be measured in time, but must spread in ever-widening circles through all eternity. Ah, my soul is sick to think that on this beautiful earth there can be anything like what you describe; that Christian men and women can sit at ease in temples they have builded to the service of God, praying and preaching, while just outside souls are perishing for the lack of the help that they could give. It makes me feel as if I must hurl myself into the ranks with those who go down with the living spirit of the Gospel into these pits of hell."

An invalid writing from a sick-room, where she has been long confined, says: "I am so grateful for your Magazine every month, and for the beautiful pictures, that I cannot be at ease until I thank you once more. And, yet, words of mine cannot tell you how much comfort they all give me. Everything about the Magazine is so pure and tasty, so truthful and good in every way, that I take it to my heart as a dear friend. I wish you were going to give us other chapters from 'CAST ADRIFT.' That one you gave in the Magazine touched my heart even to tears. Oh, I wish at times that I had the power to scatter with one stroke such wickedness from the world. It fills my heart with bitter sorrow that I am so powerless for work for the poor and tempted around me. Yet I believe I do trust God enough to say, 'His will be done.' I am sure those are blessed who only stand and wait; and in a hundred ways I can do something."

TWO GAMES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE.

MESSRS. D. B. BROOKS & CO., of Boston, Mass., offer the new game of *Le Cercle* to the public. *Le Cercle* is similar in character to Croquet, and is spoken of by all who have tried it as superior to the latter game. It is, in fact pronounced, on authority, as "the best game out." Those ordering the game can, if they desire, have Croquet implements included, so that either game can be played at pleasure, and thus they will obtain two desirable games in the place of one. See advertisement in another part of the Magazine.

MAKE THE BEST OF YOURSELVES.

READER, are you making the best of yourself? Are you using to the best advantage the natural powers of the body and mind given by your Creator?—or are you drooping through life in half efforts, and steadily drifting behind men of less ability than your own; men who, with even fewer talents than you possess, are making the best of themselves?

Think of this. Put the question to yourself as we put it to you—and do it honestly. Look the matter right in the face. Are you making the best of yourself? If not, begin a new life at once. Do your best in everything. In your thinking and in your doing. Be a man in self-compulsion. Rise out of indolence and self-indulgence. And not only will the world be better for your having lived in it, but you will be better for having lived in the world.

"EVERY process in nature is the going forth of the Everlasting on His messages of love; and any event in our experience is a message of love fulfilled."